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## CHRONICLE.

**HER MAJESTY** left England for Hyères this day week, and, travelling by Cherbourg, reached it on Monday evening, after resting at Cherbourg for the greater part of Sunday.

The symptoms of *Thursday* week had been in Parliament tolerably unmistakable to any practised observer of Parliament. It was evident that the word had been given to obstruct, and it mattered exceedingly little whether the Irresponsibles had forced the hand of the Front Opposition Bench or the Front Opposition Bench had sent out the Irresponsibles to "piqueur," as an agreeable word in classical English has it. On *Friday* the mask was completely thrown off. The whole of both sittings was occupied with the Vote on Account, and this, with the grant in aid of Scotch Local Rates, was only forced through at past one in the morning, the two sittings and the interval having taken the House of Commons almost exactly round the clock. It is unnecessary, and would be profoundly unprofitable, to give any minute account of the proceedings which accounted for this portion of the nation's time. Sometimes they took the form of ostensible anxiety for the state of Zululand, the Falkland Islands, Patent Fees, Parliamentary Reporting, and what not; sometimes the temper of the Opposition was more honest, and kindled into a genuine Obstructive squabble on the question whether This should be taken before That, or whether That should be preferred to This. But it was all pure unmitigated Obstruction, and was dealt with in the only effective way, by steady and uncompromising resistance.

On *Monday*, in the House of Lords, Lord KNUTSFORD gave an account of a British reverse at the back of Sierra Leone, in which a force of Houssa police were unable to bring some natives to order, and an English officer was unfortunately killed. The LORD CHANCELLOR intimated the interest of the Government in habitual drunkards. The House of Commons reassembled in a mood decidedly invigorated by the skirmishes of the end of last week. Even adversaries have admitted that "the Tories had made a rally" on *Friday*, and the tone of the whole proceedings was firmer. In the opening business—the painful one of expelling Mr. HASTINGS—this firmness was shown. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, amplified Mr. BALFOUR's brief and sufficient dismissal of a strange letter from Mr. HASTINGS (in which the culprit continued to show his former insensibility to his real offence) with unnecessary verbiage, and Mr. SEXTON (who seems to have been puffed up with his success in sub-editing the literary efforts of the clerks at the table) attempted to question the procedure. But Mr. GLADSTONE was considered superfluous, and Mr. SEXTON was snubbed. An orderly and respectable debate on the Small Holdings Bill was decently adjourned, and proceedings in Report of Supply were not, as things go, unduly protracted. Many Irish and some Scotch members were duly indulged in their desire to make grievances precede Supply; but the Vote on Account was carried by 215 to 80, the Scotch Education Grant was agreed to without a division, and the Consolidated Fund Bill and the Arms Bill were read a first time.

In the House of Lords on *Tuesday* a Bill of Lord ABERDEEN's for increasing the limits of Allotments in Ireland from half an acre to an acre was read a second time, the Government neither making nor marring. At the morning sitting in the Lower House, Sir JAMES FERGUSON, moving the rejection of a Telephone Bill, gave an account of the intentions of the Government as to telephones generally, the upshot of which statement was that the Post Office would a little relax the very tight hand it has hitherto kept on those means of communication. Mr. STANHOPE was

worried, not it must be confessed quite unreasonably, about the alleged punishment of an Irish soldier at Aldershot for wearing a shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. To attempt to guard against such a thing by legislation, as Colonel NOLAN wishes to do, would be idiotic. But on the face of it the officer's action looked like interference with "an ancient tradition begun upon an honourable respect," and might be pronounced most ill judged (see below). The House then turned to Irish education, a too familiar subject, on which the usual people said the usual things, especially in relation to the Christian Brothers. Still the debate was kept within decent bounds, and not only was the Bill introduced and read, but Lord HERSCHELL's measure for inflicting condign punishment on any one who bets with an infant (if one infant bets with another, they will, we suppose, both be whipped and put in the corner) was read a third time. In the evening Mr. ROBERTSON's resolution on Conspiracy came up, and occupied the night till nearly two, when it was rejected by 226 to 180. After this the Appropriation Bill was read a second time, and things ended. The Conspiracy debate was outwardly respectable, though of course we all know perfectly well what the real motives of Mr. ROBERTSON, and those who voted with him, are. But those motives could be decently cloaked, and for the most part were so. Mr. LOCKWOOD, for a clever man, made a signal mistake in trying to prove that he is cleverer than Lord BRAMWELL, which is not exactly the case. Mr. MATTHEWS, on the other hand, spoke with sense and truth.

On *Wednesday*, after the Appropriation Bill had passed through Committee and Report, the House of Commons settled down to an afternoon with the Miners (Eight Hours) Bill. Although the subject was not one on which it is possible to make wildly exciting speeches, the debate was interesting because the House had, or allowed itself, what is rare in these days, and what these days call "a free hand." No party, as such, has swallowed the eight-hours pill, and even special trades and constituencies are deeply divided on the subject. Accordingly, there was very edifying cross voting in the division, which by 272 to 160 (a substantial and satisfactory majority) rejected the Bill. The most noteworthy speeches were those of Mr. BURT, who, as the spokesman of the Northumberland miners, opposed the measure; of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who supported it, but in a somewhat amateur and detached manner; of Mr. FENWICK, who went strongly, but, for a Trade-Union representative, rather dangerously, on the ground that everybody should be allowed to do as he pleased in the way of working; and of Mr. MATTHEWS, who for the second time during the week made a speech at once courageous and judicious on the sound old lines of objection to meddling and fussing.

The explanation of the shamrock case came on *Thursday*, and was not wholly satisfactory. It seems that the man was punished, and rightly punished, for disobeying, repeatedly and insolently, the order of removal. But it was further said that the officer in command did not know it was St. Patrick's Day, and did not know what a shamrock was. May it be suggested that, instead of insisting that British officers shall pass examinations in all sorts of irrelevant matter, we might give them a few lessons in "common objects" and in common sense? The Small Holdings Bill was further debated (the speeches including a "maiden" from Mr. FREDERICK SMITH, and observations from Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. GLADSTONE), and read a second time without a division. The House of Lords helped some Bills on their way.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made a rather amusing speech on the characteristics of the House of Commons at Birmingham on Saturday week, taking, perhaps, a too rosy view of that institution on the

Politics out of  
Parliament.

whole. Mr. CHAPLIN on the same day addressed an Agricultural Congress at Shrewsbury.—Lord ROSEBERRY spoke at the City Liberal Club on Wednesday, and we have something to say about him elsewhere.

#### Foreign and Colonial Affairs.

The principal item of this day week's foreign news was a Ministerial crisis in Prussia, over the Education Bill, a matter in which the seeds of trouble had long been known to be lying. The resignation of Count von ZEDLITZ, and even of Count CAPRIVI, in his Prussian, though not his Imperial, capacity was talked of.—The Budget statement for the present year in India contains the report of a fairly satisfactory state of things, but is said not to have been very enthusiastically received owing to the famine prospects in India itself.—An incident worth noting is the subscription by Belooch chiefs of a large sum of money for the purpose of a monument to Sir ROBERT SANDEMAN.—On Monday morning proposals for composition between Portugal and her creditors were published, the chief of which is the reduction of the interest by half for a period of fifteen years. What we wrote last week on the state of Zambesia has been illustrated by the news of a serious rising in the neighbourhood of Quilimane. The fact is that, not entirely by the fault of the Portuguese, the old order of things has completely broken down on the Zambesi, and they are not strong enough to devise a new one.—The issue of the SULTAN's Firman to the KHEDIVE was still delayed, but Egypt seems to go on pretty well without it, and it would appear that Sir CLARE FORD is doing very well at Constantinople.—At the beginning of the week Lord DUFFERIN was received by President CARNOT; the Cabinet crisis in Prussia was reported as continuing; and evil things were said of Italian finance.—On Wednesday morning further details of the mishap at Sierra Leone were received, and showed it to be somewhat more serious than had been apprehended from Lord KNUTSFORD's words. Still the necessity which thus arises for making a demonstration of English strength in that part of the world is not wholly to be regretted. There has also been, in a very different quarter, severe fighting with those troublesome persons the Lushais.—Coquettings and *nolo episcoparis* were reported in reference to the succession of Cardinal MANNING; as also a very sensible decision of the German Government to stop the recent foolish *Majestätsbeleidigung* prosecutions, which are at least hinted to have been due to the officiousness of local authorities.—It was reported from America on Thursday morning that "irritation" had been caused in the Senate by Lord SALISBURY's message and President HARRISON's comments on it. Neither side is usually quite in the right in such a dispute; but it certainly seems to the impartial onlooker as if the United States wanted to anticipate the decision of the arbitrators in their own favour.—Fresh disturbances were reported from Pahang, and it seems that the authorities of the Straits Settlements will have to act with greater vigour.—More dynamiting arrests were announced in Paris; and the Prussian crisis was still creating the inconvenience which it could hardly fail to occasion in the complicated and anomalous conditions of the German Empire—another lesson against Home Rule, if rightly taken.—Yesterday morning brought the news of the reconstruction of the Prussian Ministry under Count von EULENBURG as President, and of Colonel KITCHENER's appointment as Sirdar of the Egyptian army in the room of General GRENFELL, with divers items about Anarchists and the details of the Behring Strait correspondence. This last seems to resolve itself into a demand for "boodle" on the part of the United States.

#### The Law Courts.

Judgment was given on Monday in the curious case of CRAIGNISH v. HEWITT against the plaintiff, who sought to establish Scotch domicile in order to benefit more largely by his deceased wife's property.—The case of SAMPSON was postponed at the London Sessions on the application of the prosecutrix to withdraw, which application was referred to the Public Prosecutor.—In the case of Mr. PARTRIDGE, the dentist, very strong expressions were used by the MASTER of the ROLLS and his colleagues in the Appeal Court on the unprofessional character of advertising. It is cheering to read these remarks, and yet when we survey mankind, professional and other, at the present day, we remember the tragedian—

*Semi-chorus A.*—The truly good and truly wise  
Will never, never advertise!

*Semi-chorus B.*—And yet, I think, 'tis most imprudent  
not to advertise. Don't you?

The case of PARNELL v. WOOD, in which, rather for extrinsic than intrinsic reasons, much interest was taken, was settled by arrangement on Thursday.

The London County Council on Tuesday it was lectured by its great leader, Lord ROSEBERRY, on its duties,

it elected Committees (with, we are glad to admit, a proper respect to the minority), but, as was indeed to be expected, it affirmed its mischievous intentions on the subject of betterment, speculation in tramways, and other devices for bribing the working at the expense of the ratepaying classes, and wasting the money of the latter. It is, however, again fair to say that none of these mischievous things can be completed without the consent of Parliament, and that, if Parliament grants that consent, Parliament will be to blame.

At the beginning of this week the University Sport. crews made their first appearance on the tide-way. Accounts of them had rather varied

during their earlier practice, and at least the usual changes had been made; but as they reached the London water they were very equal in weight (which was also pretty evenly distributed in each boat), and not very different in style. Oxford were thought to be somewhat further advanced in preparation than Cambridge; but this, with three weeks to pass before the race, is a dubious advantage.—The most important event of the first important spring race meeting, the Lincolnshire Handicap, went on Wednesday to Mr. MAPLE's Clarence, who won well from Acrobat, Linkboy, and a large field.

On Tuesday morning "B" contributed a Correspondence. fresh document to the discussion of the law of

Conspiracy, going to show, what no one who considers the subject impartially can doubt, that it is of the highest importance to society to maintain the present state of the law. The subject of Parliamentary election expenses, likely to be of considerable interest to a large number of persons before many years are past, was also referred to. On the whole, it seems likely that, if A gives B a coral at B's christening, and five and twenty years or more afterwards stands for a constituency of which B is an elector, it is not a corrupt practice even under present law. But A would do well to take counsel's opinion on it.

The first really interesting picture sale of the Miscellaneous. year took place at CHRISTIE's this day week, and we give some particulars of it elsewhere.

The two chief pictures, the REMBRANDT and the REYNOLDS, fetched, the former 5,000 and the other 4,100 guineas.—In the early part of the week the Durham coal strike was proceeding, with roasting of ponies and other suitable trimmings. It has since been marked by increasing violence and misbehaviour.—Lord HAMPDEN was buried on Tuesday, a memorial service being celebrated at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and very largely attended by distinguished members of Parliament.—Mr. PRITCHARD MORGAN, M.P., has allowed his house in Wales to be seized by the minions of a tyrannous law in the matter of Gold Royalties.—On Wednesday a fire occurred at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, by which fortunately no great damage was done, but which might have been most disastrous, as the College has not only much architectural and other interest, but an almost unique library. It is an old saying at both Universities that it is a marvel that every college is not burnt down every night, and yet the actual damage done in this way has been very small.—Mr. THEODORE BENT has given an interesting lecture on his archaeological discoveries in Mashonaland.

M. MAX STRAKOSCH was well known as an Obituary. impresario. He had not so much to do as his brother MAURICE with the discovery of Mme.

PATTI; but his connexion with opera and concert direction was long and successful.—Mr. OLIVER HEYWOOD was a Manchester banker of great wealth, of good education and accomplishments, and for many years past indefatigable in promoting every kind of useful work in the city of his abode.—The obituary of Monday morning was headed by Mr. GORING THOMAS, the composer, who had been crushed by a train at Hampstead on Sunday evening. We write further of Mr. THOMAS elsewhere.—Mr. W. E. BUCKLEY was an English bibliophile of old standing, and a scholar in other ways; Miss THOMPSON, one of the pluckiest of the Irish landladies to whom Mr. GLADSTONE's friends have shown the traditional courtesy of the Emerald Isle by boycotting, assaulting, and robbing them; and M. LOUIS



CARTIGNY, the last French Trafalgar man.—M. BARBÉ-DIENNE had been provider of bronzes of the better kind to the universe for some half-century.—Captain CHAPMAN, secretary of the London Fencing Club, who died at a great age this week, had had, perhaps, more to do than any other man with the revival of the scientific practice of the mystery of the foil in England.

The principal new books of the week are the late Books, &c. Lord LYTTON's *Marah* (LONGMANS), a collection of poems of much passion and personal note, which we review fully elsewhere; the second volume of Sir WILLIAM ANSON's *The Law and Custom of the Constitution* (Clarendon Press); and a translation by VIOLET FANE of the *Memoirs of MARGUERITE DE VALOIS* (NIMMO)—memoirs in which *ma grosse Margot* naturally tells no scandal about Queen MARGARET, but which justify BRANTÔME's admiration for her talents.

#### OBSTRUCTION AND DISSOLUTION.

FORTUNATELY for their own credit, the Ministerial majority have shown during the last fortnight or so a more adequate comprehension of their Parliamentary responsibilities. The division on the Evicted Tenants Bill, on which we commented last week, was a fairly satisfactory display of Unionist strength; and altogether it looks as if the Government Whips were beginning to find their flock a little more amenable to discipline than before. Not that there is any real reason for accusing the majority of calculated indifference to their duty, or even of the deliberate postponement of it to other engagements of naturally more urgent private interest, but of far less imperative public obligation. It is indeed to be observed that those who favour this somewhat cynical explanation of Ministerial absenteeism are not very consistent in their account of matters. For the fact that an unusually large number of the supporters of the Government have resolved not to seek re-election is not a circumstance of precisely the same import and tendency as the fact so often coupled with it—namely, that many Ministerialists feel uneasy about the seats from which their opponents are all this while labouring “on the spot” to dislodge them. On the contrary, they are, on the face of them, two circumstances which operate in exactly opposite directions. If the temptation to work among his constituents is so strong as to keep the member of the latter class away from his duties at Westminster, the member of the former class should, by reason of his freedom from that temptation, be all the more regular in his attendance there. As to the theory that because he does not intend to seek re-election he would be consciously and deliberately indifferent to the fate of the Government which he was elected to support, it involves an imputation too dishonourable to be lightly fixed even upon a member of Parliament of the most modern type. The utmost that can be reasonably and decently imputed to those Unionists who are contemplating retirement is, that their natural decline of interest in an occupation which they are about to abandon has insensibly betrayed them into some laxity in the discharge of its duties; and this very likely is what has actually happened. It is, at any rate, an explanation which would account, not only for the earlier diminution of the Government majorities, but for their subsequent recovery, the latter phenomenon being, in fact, only the result which would naturally be produced on any man with the slightest pretence to political principle or conscience by observation of the former.

On the whole, therefore, we may perhaps assume that the improvement which has taken place of late in the attendance of Ministerialists in the division lobbies will be permanent; but that in itself may not now do much to promote the progress of public business. It will not alter the tactics of the Opposition, but merely change their direction; and the manoeuvres originally adopted in the hope of actually defeating the Government will be persisted in for the purpose of embarrassing them. The stratagem of the “snap” division will not be so often resorted to; but the nuisance of the obstructive division will become all the more frequent on that account. If the Radicals and the Irish can no longer entertain the hope of tripping up the Government with any of the impediments strewn in its path, they can at least compel Ministers to spend much time in clearing them away or to go a long way about to avoid them. And there is no doubt that they will exert their power of doing this to the utmost extent

which the elasticity of the rules of procedure and the forbearance of the SPEAKER and Chairman of Committees will allow. The racket which they have been raising about Mr. BALFOUR's conduct of public business is all a part of the same system of tactics. It is true that they run a risk, as he has sarcastically told them, of “abusing him” into a high reputation for the second time; but they probably would not mind adding to his credit as Leader of the House if in so doing they can reduce the amount of his practical success. That they have themselves succeeded to a certain extent in this generous endeavour is no particular testimony to their own cleverness, and assuredly no reflection upon Mr. BALFOUR's management. The House has spent the last fortnight, with rare and brief intermissions, in Committee of Supply; and those who have any practical experience of Parliamentary proceedings under these conditions are well aware that Obstruction sufficiently resolute and unscrupulous cannot possibly fail to attain a certain measure of success. The most abundant display of the qualities of leadership—of firmness, tact, patience, readiness, ingenuity, conciliatory temper—can do but little to diminish that measure of success; and it may be doubted whether even the most plentiful lack of these qualities would do much to increase it, though it might doubtless do much to supply it with a pretext. It is just now the cue of the Obstructionists and their abettors in the Gladstonian press to protest that all would be going smoothly if the late Mr. SMITH instead of Mr. BALFOUR had the conduct of Parliamentary business; and there are possibly some few honest souls, of limited information and still shorter memories, who may be weak enough to believe them. Such persons must have already forgotten that those who are now hypocritically eulogizing the late First Lord of the Treasury are the very men to whom that mildest-mannered of leaders was accustomed to apply the Closure with a resolute regularity for which he became proverbial, and that when, as in Committee of Supply, he was compelled to resort more sparingly to this expedient, he found just as much difficulty as his successor in maintaining a reasonable rate of progress with public business.

By what particular motive or set of motives the Obstructionists may be actuated in their desperate efforts to embarrass the Government, it is scarcely worth while to inquire. They profess to be desirous of hastening the approach of the dissolution, although there is obviously no reason why the Government, unless they themselves concur in this desire, should allow their hands to be forced by these means, and not rather permit their adversaries to advertise their factiousness to the utmost. But for our own part we confess that we should not be sorry to see the Opposition taken at their word. If they want an early dissolution, we know not why the Government should particularly care to balk them. Or, at any rate, we see no reason why Ministers should not go halfway with their opponents. There are certain items, it is true, in the programme of the Session, some two or three of their legislative engagements, which they may well desire to fulfil. But of these, one, the Irish Education Bill—involving, as it does, a considerable grant of money to a people whose Parliamentary representatives were never known to affront the national sentiment by refusing any gratification at the hands of the Saxon—is not seriously opposed; and the fear of defeating it will always keep the formal resistance of the Irish party within due bounds. The Scotch Private Bill Procedure Bill is another of those measures which, if satisfactory to local feeling, will always be passed by the help of the local Parliamentary representation, and which, if not so satisfactory, no Government need care to press. There should in no case be very much difficulty in performing these two undertakings of the Speech from the Throne; and, indeed, the mere belief that the passing of these measures was the only business that need delay the dissolution would of itself very likely prove sufficient to expedite their course. There remains, then, only to be considered what line should be taken by the Government with reference to the Small Holdings Bill and the Irish Local Government Bill. It is quite probable that, in spite of their noisy outcry against the latter of these measures, it is the former which the Obstructionists really have in their eye, and which they are really labouring to defeat. On the other hand, the measure is one which, quite apart from any inclination to angle for the rural labourers' vote—a pastime which, to us at least, has always seemed to be as futile as it is unbecoming—a conscientious Conservative may legitimately support. Whether it prove useful or

useless, it has at least been so framed as to do no mischief; and it is, on the face of it, an honest measure—honest alike to the class for whom its benefits are intended and to that by whose co-operation they are to be conferred. It is entirely free from that invariable characteristic of Radical legislation—the promise to give somebody something for nothing, and to send in the bill to somebody else. There is assuredly no reason why the Government should allow themselves to be foiled in the attempt to pass a measure of this kind, because it happens to suit the Opposition to obstruct it, and they would be fully justified in prolonging the Session till it is passed. But the Irish Local Government Bill stands on a totally different basis. It is an experiment of an extremely doubtful kind; it is regarded with dislike and distrust by an important section of the Ministerialists; it will not produce the slightest effect of conciliation in Ireland; and whatever favour it is likely to find with the English constituencies has been already earned by the announcement of a policy which the Opposition are doing all they can to baffle. To defer the date of dissolution, if the omens were otherwise favourable, for the mere sake of passing such a measure would certainly not be wise.

#### ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

IF we are to go by the solemn telegrams from Washington, the time has come when HER MAJESTY'S Ministers should seriously ask the Canadians whether they are prepared to face the consequences of a war with the United States. This is the question which would be put if we were dealing with a Government and a State of the diplomacy according to the traditions of Europe. President HARRISON is writing pungent despatches, "in which he hints proudly, "but in diplomatic language, that Lord SALISBURY has not met the overtures of the United States in a businesslike manner, and the PRESIDENT insists on the renewal of the *modus vivendi*, without reference to insignificant and irrelevant conditions. The PRESIDENT closes with the assertion that, if Great Britain declines to assist in the protection of seals during arbitration on the claims of the United States, he will proceed to enforce the laws, and exclude poachers, even if the military force of the United States is required to accomplish this end." Now, from a European statesman this would mean an ultimatum presented in a provocative and insolent manner. It would entail that inquiry at Ottawa of which we have spoken. After all, the question is mainly a Canadian one, and the worst of the fighting would fall to Canada. If British Columbia were independent, the seal fishery in Behring Sea would not concern us. If war were to break out, the possession of Halifax, Bermuda, and the West Indian stations would give this country a notable advantage in position. But Canada is vulnerable in an eminent degree, and that is precisely what gives importance to the recurrent insolence of American politicians. The question being wholly and the risks mainly Canadian, it is only reasonable that the opinion of Canadians should be asked. If they decide that the danger is too great, and the game not worth the candle, there is no reason why England should prolong negotiations at Washington which simply lay her open to the habitual insolence of American politicians in search of the Irish vote. On the supposition that they do think the right to fish for seals in Behring Sea during this season worth fighting for, we presume that they have counted the cost.

This is how we should have to reason and calculate if we were dealing with a European Power which negotiated in the interest of the State, and not in that of a party, and for electioneering purposes. With America it may be, and in all probability is, different. When President HARRISON talks of insisting on the renewal of the *modus vivendi* "without reference to insignificant and irrelevant conditions," and of using "the military force of the United States," he is only playing to that universal American dislike of England to which every President and candidate for the Presidency must play. An experience of some three generations of recurrent disputes with the Government, all to meet the Presidential election, all conducted with a violence of language unparalleled in Europe, and all ending more or less in smoke, makes it more than likely that there is nothing more serious in the situation. Apart from the permanent reasons for a war of despatches and threats with England, President HARRISON has a special reason of his own for a "diplomatic triumph," or even a

really serious international quarrel. The absurd *fiasco* which terminated the late dispute with Chili left him under the shadow of a certain discredit which he could more than efface by rudeness to us. It follows naturally that he will be rude. Whether more will come of it than a great deal of uncomfortable work for Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE must of course depend on a variety of circumstances. The common talk of gushing persons on this side of the Atlantic, about the great sister-peoples and the union of the Anglo-Saxon race, is more silly than such talk usually is. The multitude of Americans who are not of English descent have no sentimental feelings towards this country. Of the Irish it is unnecessary to speak. The Americans who are of the stock of the New Englanders have inherited the whole of their Political Dissenter enmity to the mother-country, which was bitter from the very beginning. If there is any feeling of friendship to England in the States, it is found in a class which has no political influence, and many of the best known members of that same class make a parade of hostility. The maudlin talk to which we have referred is simply considered by the vast majority of Americans as a sign that England is afraid of them, and the unvarying patience with which their captious and exacting diplomacy has been endured has not unnaturally confirmed their belief. Besides, the history of the foreign relations of the United States has been one of quarrel, and for one period of war, with England. It is the firm conviction of the majority of Americans that this country has been uniformly aggressive and unfair. Nothing can be more probable than that any American politician who appealed to this sentiment of hostility would meet with hearty support. Looking not only to the words but to the acts of President HARRISON and to his position as a Republican candidate for re-election to the Presidency, it is clear that he is making this very appeal. Of course it by no means follows that the consequence will be an open quarrel carried to the extreme of war. It takes two to make a war, and the disinclination to engage in one is in this country very strong. If there is any foundation for the report that HER MAJESTY'S Government does not intend to resist the enforcement of their police regulations in Behring Sea by the United States there will, of course, be no quarrel. But in that case it seems to be a pity that we entered into negotiations at all. They can only serve to compromise the dignity of the country, and to supply an American politician with a useful electioneering advertisement. To take this course now, after resisting it, would be a humiliating confession of weakness. The claim of the Americans to exercise full rights of sovereignty in Behring Sea pending the decision of the arbitrators, and their peremptory refusal to promise compensation to the Canadian fishermen who have suffered by exclusion, are in reality monstrous. There are, however, only two ways of meeting them—by surrender or by resistance. The first would be humiliating, and the second, if President HARRISON's words are to be understood seriously, would bring us to the verge of an open rupture.

This, it must be acknowledged, is an unfortunate, and even a somewhat ridiculous, end to a long course of negotiations crowned by an arbitration treaty. That it is also an illustration of the futility of this much-praised resource for avoiding quarrels is a minor matter. And yet that it is this is beyond question. Apparently there should be a preliminary arbitration on the question of our relative positions in Behring Sea before we get to the main question of sovereignty. But the Americans will hear of no compromise on this preliminary point. They insist on dictating their own decision, and talk of using the military force of the United States to make it good. It is a curious question why they promised to go before arbitrators at all. Perhaps they were induced to do so by the well-grounded belief that all arbitrators may be trusted to decide against England. As the matter stands at present, the arbitration treaty has only served to hamper our own hands. If the decision of the Court is against us there will be no ground for claiming compensation. The Americans have asked no advice and taken nobody's opinion before deciding that they will give no compensation if the decision is against them. The situation, then, is singularly one-sided indeed. In the meantime, the fact that we have agreed to take the case into court makes resistance to the present American demand only the more difficult. It may be plausibly argued that it is useless to take measures calculated to produce a collision in order to protect a right which the judgment of a tribunal, to which we have agreed to appeal, may declare to be no right at all.



And this is the dilemma in which we have been left by having recourse to arbitration. We have to choose between yielding to a most arrogant American demand, and taking measures to resist it, which may conceivably lead to a collision on a question about which we had agreed not to fight. It is little other than a *reductio ad absurdum* of this vaunted modern method of avoiding wars.

#### THE TWO MR. CHAMBERLAINS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech on this day week was a contribution, not only to the politics of the period, but to the gaiety of Birmingham and the Midland Counties. The jewellers and silversmiths, whose industry has made the word Brummagem known all over the world, are much to be envied. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S monologue was a piece of vivacious and rattling comedy, an entertainment almost in the conventional sense of the word. On a public occasion, though in an unreported speech, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN once made confession that his first intellectual effort was a play, which he submitted to the late Mr. ROBSON. It was politely returned to him, with the intimation that it was not suited to Mr. ROBSON'S theatre nor to any other. It was said that CHARLES MONTAGUE ransomed ADDISON from the service of the Church to that of the State. It is possible that the late Mr. ROBSON unconsciously rescued Mr. CHAMBERLAIN from the theatre to devote him to Parliament. But for this first disappointment, he might have been competing with Mr. PINERO, Mr. W. S. GILBERT, and Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, instead of with his present rivals. As a contributor to that gigantic mass of literature known as the unacted drama, we dare say Mr. CHAMBERLAIN still cherishes a weakness for his play, and possibly it may, some time or other, find its way to the boards. As GOETHE made light of his poetic achievements, but was prepared to go to the death for his theory of colours, so Mr. CHAMBERLAIN possibly has a profounder belief in his play than in his politics. Judging from the power of portraying character exhibited in his speech at Birmingham on Saturday, we are prepared to admit the possibility that Mr. ROBSON was completely wrong. His sketches of the funny man in the House of Commons, of the weighty man, of the prig, of the bore, of the foolish man, of the man of one idea, of the independent man, and of the man who is a little cracked, are something in the style of THEOPHRASTUS and LA BRUYÈRE. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S capacity of forming a plot and conducting an intrigue are not, of course, evinced in these sketches. But even his enemies do not deny him the possession of these gifts, and indeed go out of their way to credit him with them. Besides, plot and intrigue count for little on the modern stage, and the drama which has them is a conspicuous exception in this order of composition.

Attractive, however, as the speculation is on the development of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, if only Mr. ROBSON had accepted his comedy, we have to do, not with the possible playwright, but with the actual politician. At the dinner on Saturday he was called on to respond to the toast of the Houses of Parliament. It was proposed by one Mr. GREEN, who in his recommendatory remarks forgot the House of Lords. The omission gave Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the opportunity of indulging in some personal banter, which seems to have been much relished by the assembled jewellers and silversmiths who knew all about Mr. GREEN, but which in the absence of a local scholiast is unintelligible at some miles distance from Birmingham. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was forced, in order to maintain some appearance of political identity, to adopt a condescending tone towards the House of Lords. He is not in the savage mood which prompts Mr. JOHN MORLEY'S impulse to end it or mend it. He is rather of Lord ROSEBURY'S mind, who pities those peers who cannot get out, and himself most of all. But not to be able to get out of one House is, perhaps, a less misfortune than not to be able to get into the other. At the coming general election there will probably be more than a thousand candidates for less than seven hundred seats. There will be, therefore, between three and four hundred disappointed hopes, blighted careers, blasted ambitions. Though the moments of the emotion which, for Mr. DISRAELI, relieved the dulness of the House of Commons, are fewer and feebler in the Lords, yet continuity of existence is some compensation for its inferior intensity. An interrupted career is often an ended career; and every one can think of men of promise, and even of achievement, whom the

votes of a few scores of electors have driven for ever out of public life. With on an average half the seats in the Cabinet in their possession, whether the Administration be Liberal or Conservative, the peers cannot be said to be wholly excluded from the prizes of political ambition. These slighting allusions are probably no more than the necessary tribute paid by the Mr. CHAMBERLAIN who now is to him who yesterday was. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN does not believe in the speedy extinction of the House of Lords. He is inclined to think that it will outlive its denouncers, "and will remain for several generations to come a picturesque and stately, if not a supremely important, part of the British Constitution." The words we have quoted are in themselves a sign of the enlargement of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S political doctrine; they are a proof of his growth in political wisdom. A few years ago he would hardly have admitted that the picturesque and the stately had much to do with politics; that the august and dignified counted for anything in the life of States. At the same time the House of Lords cannot exist merely as a stately and picturesque survival, as an ancient monument worthy, on antiquarian and æsthetic grounds, of careful preservation. If it is to have its place in the British Constitution, it must be as a political organ discharging its own special and essential function. Better that it should be ended than it should be mended into a sort of duplicate of the House of Commons. It is its merit to be unlike the House of Commons, and therefore fitted to act upon it by way of correction and qualification, representing interests and ideas essential in every well-balanced society, but liable to be ignored in those paroxysms and spasms of party in which each successive House of Commons has its birth.

Gently tolerant of the House of Lords, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was liberal in his laudation of the House of Commons, which, as we infer from his remarks, had probably, in the days of SIMON DE MONTFORT, its funny man, its weighty man, its pedant, its bore, and the rest, in about the same proportions as now. Mr. BRIGHT saw no change in it during his long experience, and extending Mr. BRIGHT indefinitely backwards, we should reach the reign of EDWARD III. One thing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN insists on. The House of Commons likes to be deferred to; it must be cracked up. A friend advised him before he made his first speech to break down in that maiden effort if he could possibly manage it. The House of Commons would take it as a compliment, as a sign of the awe which it inspired in the breasts of new members. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN could not push accommodation so far; but he has remembered the advice, and acted upon the spirit of it in his eulogy of last Saturday. We hope he may think as well of the House of Commons after, as he thinks of the House of Commons before, the general election. It will not be his fault if the change should prove for the worse. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has done more for the common cause than any member of his section of the Unionist party. It is mainly owing to him that, not only Birmingham, but the Midland counties generally, have been saved from the Gladstonian apostasy, which has made pernicious progress in other parts of the country. Admirable as are the qualities which other leaders possess, none of them seem to have in any remarkable degree that magnetic attraction which acts upon men by a sort of fascination, quite independent of reason, common sense, self-interest, or conscience. Mr. GLADSTONE has this unanalysable and inexplicable gift in a pre-eminent degree; Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has it in a considerable degree; no one else among contemporary statesmen seems to possess it at all. If the general election goes against the Unionist party, the result will be owing in a great degree to that demonic influence—as GOETHE calls it—which Mr. GLADSTONE exercises, confirmed by the interest which his vigorous and adventurous old age inspires. It leads men to pardon, and even to be blind to, the base compliances and the ignoble compromises with ignorance, violence, and fraud which make up the larger part of the Gladstonian tactics.

One thing is matter for congratulation. If the Unionist cause wins at the general election, it will be an honest victory. If it is defeated, its defeat will be honourable and redeemable. The way in which a just and patriotic cause not only clears the political perceptions but elevates and purifies the political character of those who espouse it is shown in the past six years of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S career. The demagogue has been transformed into the statesman. With Mr. GLADSTONE the statesman, on the other hand, has been transformed into the demagogue. The sounder views of

the historic and contemporary position of England which the defence of the Union has generated have extended themselves in the former case over the whole sphere of politics. The connivance with Irish wrongdoing has in the latter proved not less widely demoralizing. When the battle comes to be fought out—whether it be this year or next—it will decide, for the moment at any rate, issues other than those of Home Rule for Ireland. The Government may be trusted to choose the time and the conditions of the conflict with an adequate sense of the responsibilities which weigh upon them. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN apparently would meet obstruction by completing the Septennial term of Parliament. He says he knows what he would do if he had an unbroken majority of seventy. The legal and the moral right are unquestionable. But an unbroken majority is hard to keep in a dying Parliament, and a dissolution may be expedient before the disintegration sets in.

#### CONSPIRACY.

IN the interests of that respect which all right-minded men desire to see paid to gentlemen of the long-robe, it is really most devoutly to be wished that they would meet in some fit place, and (a) agree what they are to say about Conspiracy, or (b) decide that it shall be considered unprofessional to talk about the matter at all. If they do not take this course, it is greatly to be feared that the mere subject layman will, for his part, come to the decision (a) that Conspiracy is "all a muddle," and incapable of being understood; or (b) that many lawyers of great name are really very puzzle-headed and ignorant men. This would be a melancholy thing indeed in these times of little faith. If reverence for eminent barristers goes, what will be left to us? And yet it does not require the acumen of St. THOMAS AQUINAS to learn from the debate on Mr. R. ROBERTSON's motion that one of these two propositions must come dangerously near being true. If the matter is so clear as "B" and Mr. MATTHEWS find it, then the case of Mr. LOCKWOOD, Sir C. RUSSELL, and that well-deserving pillar of the law, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, is sad. If they have some excuse for their view, we can only admire at the cocksureness of the other side. If the question is really so obscure that contradictory views of it may pardonably be taken, we are of opinion that the contending parties would do well to drop the tone of sniffing contempt to one another in which they indulge. They must end by convincing their lay hearers that, by the showing of many lawyers of note, many other lawyers of note are not only ignorant of their business, but incapable by nature of understanding it. We do not see how the establishing of this can increase the general respect for the administration and the administrators of the law.

The mere private person will do well not to bother his head at all about Conspiracy in the legal sense as he reads Tuesday night's debate. His safest course by far is to treat the whole matter as one of party politics, vote-hunting, and common sense. If he does this, he will find it grow quite clear. Mr. ROBERTSON moved "that the common law doctrine of Conspiracy, by which persons are made punishable for combining to do acts which in themselves are not criminal, is unjust in its operation and ought to be amended." Now the merits of this motion, considered as a chopping-block for logic, are self-evident. The word criminal is a gem of a bone to wrangle over, seeing that, in the ordinary acceptation, it means any wicked and detestable conduct, but that as a term of art, and as used by trained persons, it means a certain class of wicked acts, docketed in a recognized way, and punishable in a definite manner. Sane men avoid chopping-blocks of logic, and in this case they will simply ask themselves what are the acts, not criminal when done alone, which Mr. ROBERTSON wishes to cause to cease to be punishable when done in combination, and why he wishes them so to cease. The moment these questions are put, one escapes as if by white magic from the Valley of the Shadow of the Long Parliamentary Legal Tongue, and finds oneself in an arid, but human, region, and no longer in black bog, surrounded by doleful noises and horrid phantasms of uncertain shape. Mr. ROBERTSON wished on Tuesday, as he wished last Session, to secure for Irish boycotters freedom to starve their opponents, and for Trade-Unions in all parts of the United Kingdom freedom to prevent workmen who compete with them from obtaining work. That is his object in its lean nakedness; and,

indeed, Mr. ROBERTSON made no disguise of the matter. He quoted the oppression of WILLIAM O'BRIEN as a case in point. After that we know—what for that matter we knew already—exactly the object which Mr. ROBERTSON has before him. We do not think it is one which he ought to be allowed to obtain, and are very glad that he was beaten by 46 votes. It was necessary for members of the House of Commons to listen to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, but there is no reason why anybody else should, unless of course he likes that sort of thing. There are persons who do, and who actually feel growing pains in their minds when some notable person tells them, with a solemn face, that if Mr. Justice X was right about the law of conspiracy, it would be a criminal conspiracy on the part of three sisters to combine to refuse to go to dances with their brother till he shaved his moustache off. So it would if all the judges were verbal pedants of the most idiotic kind, and all juries imbecile, and the whole population was in the same condition. Sensible people know that this is a farrago of nonsense. When it is stripped of verbiage the matter is intelligible enough. If A refuses to sell a loaf to B, his mere refusal is not a criminal act. If he combines with everybody else for ten miles round to refuse to sell anything to "B," whether goods or work, he is engaged in a conspiracy to oppress B by ruining and starving him. It is the combination which makes the oppression possible. Therefore it is rightly a punishable act. To prate about the innocence of the individual refusal to sell may give growing pains to the minds of the persons we have referred to above. They would probably feel instructed if it were pointed out to them that, in the cutting of your brother's windpipe, it is not the mere act of cutting considered in the abstract which makes the crime, because you innocently cut the head off an egg at breakfast. It all depends on what you cut and why.

#### EIGHT HOURS—AND AN ELEVENTH.

IT was to be expected of this Parliament that certain of its members would at the eleventh hour find out the virtues of the eight. Still, the numbers of the majority which rejected Mr. LEAKE's Bill were respectable, and the composition of the minority was not so much the reverse as to call for notice. Of the large body of Tories who are said to have expressed their approval of the principle of the Bill, only a comparatively small fraction attested the truth of that report by their votes, and we are at liberty therefore to disbelieve it of the others. As to the contingent of Unionists, Liberal and Conservative, who *did* confess and testify in the ayes lobby on Wednesday afternoon, in the wake of the gentleman who has easily beaten the American record in the matter of "sharp curves," they may best be described by saying that one of them, and he the most distinguished of their number, "has not a single miner in his constituency." This is the gracious state of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; and the same we should imagine may be said of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. But whether it is equally true of the dozen or more of Conservatives and the half-dozen or so of Liberal-Unionists who supported Mr. LEAKE and Mr. ABRAHAM we do not know; but there are people censorious enough to account for the votes of some of them by the fact that the gracious state of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in this respect, is not theirs. How many of the Front Bench Gladstonians who voted for the Bill may have been sufferers from the malady known as "miners in the constituency," it is, happily, needless to inquire; for the names of the chief among them—those, for instance, of HARCOURT, of TREVELYAN, of CAMPBELL BANNERMAN—are such synonyms for independence and consistency, that it would be no less idle than unjust to seek any motive for their votes. The author of the Bill, we are afraid, we must give up after the uncomfortable *mémoires pour servir* contributed by Sir FREDERICK MILNER to Mr. LEAKE's forthcoming "History of My Opinions." When a member who has made a speech against legislative interference with labour writes a few months afterwards to say that he has decided to vote for an Eight Hours Bill—well, we can only say of the member who has managed thus promptly to eat his own words that he has been convinced by something which is not reasoning.

Still, these right-hand defections and left-hand fallings away from the common economic and legislative faith of Liberal and Conservative alike are not, perhaps, numerous enough to be serious, and they are scarcely even interesting, except when they occur in the case of a specially interest-



ing person. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN answers, of course, to this description; and one naturally turns with some curiosity to the speech which he delivered in support of the Bill. But we cannot say that it repays the curiosity it arouses. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has satisfied himself on the two points—first, that a fixed and uniform reduction of the hours of mining labour would not be economically injurious; and, secondly, that the reduction should not be arrived at by voluntary methods, but imposed by Act of Parliament. And his conviction on both these points appears to rest on no better basis than is afforded by, in one instance, a very miserable fallacy of formal logic, and, in the other, an argument which goes dangerously beyond the dialectical requirements of the situation. He contends—being in conflict therein with a great body of expert authority, not to say with the belief of those who have the power, and occasionally let out that they have also the will, to verify their own predictions—that the universal and compulsory prescription of an eight-hours labour day for miners would not diminish output; and in proof of it he points to the fact that the reduction of working hours from twelve to ten had no such effect. Similarly was it shown that the horse's tail did not cease to be a tail when it was reduced to a single hair. And, stranger still, the tail is to become not a less, but a more efficient, instrument for the brushing away of flies. "Long hours," says Mr. CHAMBERLAIN—meaning "excessively long," and forgetting that he begs the whole question—"mean listless, inefficient, and even bad work"; and, therefore (he implies), hours may be indefinitely reduced with advantage from the point of view of an increase in production. "My gains are great because my work is small" is, according to him, "to be the miners' maxim"; and he does not seem to fear the *reductio ad absurdum* which is open to any adversary who cares to complete the couplet by adding "They would be greater were it none at all."

As to the second of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's contentions—namely, that, given the economical safety or positive expediency of limiting the miner's labour day to eight hours, it is better that legislation should be resorted to as a "simpler, quicker, easier, and less irritating" way of settling the question than that of leaving it to masters and men to settle between them—it is strange that so acute a disputant should not see where his argument lands him. What, we may in turn ask Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, could be less simple, quick and easy—what could be more irritating than the present mode of settling, not only the hours of labour, but the rate of wages also? And how much simpler, quicker, and easier, therefore, how much less irritating, it would be to fix the rate of wages than to leave it to be settled by strikes and "the higgling of the market." If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN replies that strikes are necessary, not only to prescribe the rate of wages, but to ascertain before prescribing it what, having regard to the state of trade, it ought to be, the rejoinder is that the same remark applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the conflict about hours. Mr. BURT and the Northumberland and Durham miners stand towards Mr. ABRAHAM and the South Welsh colliers in much the same relation as a master who is resisting an advance of wages stands towards his men. Each objector, that is to say, contends that the demands made upon him are inadmissible. The master says he cannot afford to raise wages. Mr. BURT and his constituents say that they cannot afford to be restricted to shorter hours. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would not, we presume, suggest that the master should be compelled by Act of Parliament to accept the terms. How then can he contend that the Legislature may legitimately coerce Mr. BURT and his constituents?

#### LORD ROSEBERY ON FOREIGN POLICY.

WITH a good deal of Lord ROSEBERY's remarks in his speech at the City Liberal Club on Wednesday we need not greatly concern ourselves. His panegyrics on Lord GRANVILLE, whom he has succeeded in the double capacity of President of that temple of luxury and ease, and only possible Foreign Secretary to the Gladstonian party, were amiable, interesting, and in part correct. Perhaps the two instances in which Lord GRANVILLE was cited as having checked the violence of Lord SALISBURY in the wildest of his career by cunning witticism have lost a little since their occurrence; perhaps they did not even at the time strike some people as more than very fair impromptus of

lighter debate; perhaps, again, before we pronounce unmitigated encomiums on Lord GRANVILLE, it would be well to have a clearer idea than, it is evident, most of Lord ROSEBERY's hearers possessed of the number of occasions on which that amiable but easy-going person jeopardized the interests of England by want of backbone, if not even by sheer want of attention to his business. But these unpleasant perhaps may be left to history. Everybody liked Lord GRANVILLE, and everybody admired the never-failing skill with which (a little aided, no doubt, by his weakness as well as by his strength) he played the very difficult part of the leader of a minority small in numbers, and infinitely smaller in ability.

Nor need there be any great hesitation in admitting Lord ROSEBERY's general magnification of the part which colonial (including Indian) politics now play in the general policy of England. He might have confined his illustrations to the foreign columns of the newspapers during the very week—even during the very day—on which he was speaking, and have victoriously proved his point, in a certain sense and with certain limitations, which we shall take the liberty of pointing out presently. In the same columns which reported Lord ROSEBERY there was much concern about the Behring Strait question (which hardly interests England at all except through Canada); there was not a little talk about Burmah and Lushailand and the Hunza-Nagar campaign, and other matters affecting the frontier of India; there was gossip about Egypt and East Africa, "terrible news from the Straits of Malacca," intelligence about the fortifying of colonial ports. Almost the only piece of news that directly concerned England in Europe itself was about Gibraltar, which certainly is not held principally with a view to contingencies in Europe. Earlier in the week attention had been devoted chiefly to the little disaster behind Sierra Leone, which is intimately connected with a large colonial question in that neighbourhood. There can be no doubt that the native tribes of the West Coast of Africa generally have had their imagination affected by the rapid strides which France has been making in that direction, both by regular military expeditions and by exploring parties, and that, whether by a notion that British power is waning, or by a general dislike to the encroachments of Europeans, they have been in one way or another led to show the restlessness which has recently been exhibited at Sierra Leone as well as at Lagos itself. Yet there is no quarrel between the Home Governments or in regard to European questions between England and France. All the matters which have occasioned doubts and heartburnings between these two famous and secular antagonists of late—Egypt, Newfoundland, Madagascar, the New Hebrides, what not—have been purely, or almost purely, colonial. We could continue this obliging support of Lord ROSEBERY's views for many columns if it were necessary, but it is not. Let us grant cheerfully, effusively, that questions of foreign policy nowadays are for the most part directly, and to a still greater extent indirectly, questions of colonial (including Indian) policy, and nothing else.

But when Lord ROSEBERY proceeds to call this a perfectly new state of things, when he declares that it has practically come into existence since Lord GRANVILLE entered political life, and even much later than that, when he seeks to draw from it the inference that England is now in some newfangled manner separated from all other European nations, that we have been "pulled by the coat-tails out of the European system"—when he thus insinuates the Gladstonian and neo-Liberal idea of a detached and independent foreign policy of "don't-care-a-damnateness," and "no business of ours"—then we feel bound to pull Lord ROSEBERY up. In the first place, does he call this state of things new? It is as new as the Pont Neuf. It may be quite true that at the end of the seventeenth century the question of succession, and later the entanglements caused by the connexion with Hanover, influenced or created questions of foreign policy which had, in appearance at any rate, nothing to do with the colonies. But even from the very earliest of these dates colonial questions began to mix themselves up with the others, and before long provided, in almost every case, if not the ostensible *casus belli*, at any rate the bone for which the dogs really struggled. What part of the Treaty of Utrecht was more important, is more important (worse luck!) to the present day, than its colonial provisions? What more than our Indian and American colonies was concerned in, nay, what more helped to drag us into, the wars of the middle of the eighteenth century? How great an influence

had the revolt of the American colonies themselves on the wars of the end of that century, even on those of the Revolution? What memories are called up by the words "Falkland Islands," "Nootka Sound," and so forth? As for things far later, such as the very Crimean war itself, does Lord ROSEBURY think that our participation in that war was due to a mere sentimental love for the *beaux yeux* of Turkey? It was because the aggrandizement of Russia threatened India that we fought in reality, whatever protocolers and palaverers might ostensibly say. The facts prove that the foreign policy of England has been a colonial and Indian policy for two hundred years, and if the Foreign Secretaries of the period did not know it, so much the worse for them, not for the facts.

But there is very much more at stake here than a matter of mere historical rectification. Not only has the foreign policy of the past always been more or less a colonial and Indian policy in first or last resort, but if the foreign policy of the future seeks to be nothing but a colonial and Indian policy it will commit the most fatal of errors. Lord ROSEBURY's apparent contention is this. We are daily becoming more and more interested in concerns in all parts of the world. Let us devote ourselves solely to these concerns. But the more we are so interested the more do we come in contact with the other peoples—all of them, except the United States, European and Continental States—who are also spreading their connexion with other parts of the world. And does he think that in such circumstances we can afford to neglect the relations and the interests of these other Powers at home? Does he think that the Englishman can fold his arms and say, "Go it, you other fellows, just as you like; of course, you will abstain from meddling with my interests abroad, but pray don't think for a moment that I am going to bother about your interests at home. You shall do me good, at any rate no harm, there; I will carefully abstain from doing you any good here as well as any harm"! That, we know, is the actual line of conduct recommended by some Gladstonians, and these Gladstonians will, of course, plume themselves—indeed, we are not sure that they have not done so already—on receiving Lord ROSEBURY's support. If so, sheep and shepherd are both in one fatal delusion. "Give and take" is the sole rule in this world; and, if you try to assume an air of Olympian indifference to the "European system" when you are brushing elbows with the members of that system in every other quarter of the world, the results can be predicted with little doubt. To put the matter in few words, Does Lord ROSEBURY, does any man who knows anything about the matter, think that Russia, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, anybody, will further or favour our colonial views, only to be met on home European politics with the answer "What have I to do with that!"

#### A PLAIN CASE CONFUSED.

MR. PARTRIDGE, the unsuccessful plaintiff in an action against the General Council of Medical Education and Registration of the United Kingdom, appears to belong to that numerous class of persons who, in colloquial language, "want to have it both ways." He desires, that is to say, to enjoy the prestige and privileges of a practitioner of dentistry whose competence has been certified by the diploma of a licensing body, and to associate therewith all those facilities for competing with the unlicensed practitioner which, as a condition of obtaining the aforesaid diploma, he expressly agreed to forego. One of the aids to such competition which he thereby renounced is that of advertising; but Mr. PARTRIDGE appears to have so understood the engagement into which he entered with the body by which he was licensed, the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin, as to have considered himself entitled to expend 10,000*l.* on advertisements since he obtained his qualification. Upon representation made by the Dublin College of Surgeons to the defendants, the General Medical Council in England, as to the way in which Mr. PARTRIDGE was observing the conditions of his diploma, the latter body struck his name—as they are empowered to do by law for sufficient cause—off the register. Upon this, or rather upon the second time on which this operation was performed—for upon a former occasion it seems that, for some reason or other, we presume an informality in the proceedings taken against him, his name was restored to the register, after having been struck off—he brought an action, which went against

him, in the court of first instance, and a new trial of which has just been refused him by the MASTER of the ROLLS and Lords Justices LOPES and FRY in the Court of Appeal.

The case appears, even to the ordinary lay mind, to be such extremely plain sailing, that it would seem impossible for any one to cavil at the decision. This feat, nevertheless, has been accomplished by a writer in the *Times*, whose performance, however, is discovered to be less astonishing when we observe that two-thirds of his article is directed to an animated discussion of a point which nowhere arises. Of course, if it does not occur to a commentator that the question is not whether the system of "free" or of "close" professions is the preferable one, but whether men should be allowed to break their contracts in order illegitimately to appropriate the advantages of both systems, why that commentator may find plenty to say. But when at last it does dawn upon him that the latter and not the former is the question in the case, he might have the grace to admit that it makes some difference. The commentator before us, however, will make no such admission. He persists to the last that the case is "not to be dismissed as one of extreme simplicity"; which it is, though the concession is, doubtless, an unwelcome one to make after having discussed the case at quite unnecessary length. And he will still have it that it raises the question as to the relative merits of the "principle of competition" and the "principle of close and protected corporations"; which it does not. One might suppose that Mr. PARTRIDGE was a testifying martyr to the former principle, and sacrificing himself in a vain effort to procure it legal recognition. Why, there are streets in London where shopfront after shopfront gleams white and golden with testimony to the existence of free dentistry, and grins refutation of the theorists who would ignore it. The two systems exist side by side, and it is for the public to patronize which they prefer. If they like to take the risk of incompetency, they can choose one of them; if they prefer certified competency, they will take the other. All that the "close and protected corporation" has done in this case is to insist that practising dentists shall not attempt, in defiance of their engagements, to practise under both principles at once.

#### THE WEARING OF THE SHAMROCK.

IT seems to be a pity that there should be an officer in the British army who does not know what a shamrock is like, nor what is the date of St. Patrick's Day. The pity is the more visible, and the strangeness of the ignorance the more striking, because this officer must know of a regiment which wears the leek on St. David's Day, and he should, therefore, be familiar with symbols and the custom of observing the festivals of Saints. This is, however, the case of Captain TINDAL, who, on the 17th of this month, ordered Private O'GRADY to remove the shamrock from some part or other of his uniform, on which this soldier had displayed it. Such, at least, is, we gather, his own excuse for an order which led, through a variety of smaller incidents, to quite a display of the deepest feelings of Irishmen in the House of Commons. The explanation is not of the best, and Captain TINDAL might have given a better. He might have said that no "single soldier"—an old Scotch term which is rather particularly appropriate in this case—has a right to break the uniformity of the ranks on parade. Mr. SEXTON's plea that O'GRADY would have been required to wear the leek on St. David's Day if he had belonged to a Welsh regiment, and that he had, therefore, a good excuse for wearing the shamrock on St. Patrick's, will not hold water. A regimental custom is one thing, an individual manifestation of patriotism is another. If he persisted in displaying his emblem, he might properly be required to remove it while on duty, and when he disobeyed he had, of course, to be punished. Subordination, as a certain navy captain was fond of saying, is the pivot on which the service turns. Whether it was necessary to take any notice of the shamrock is another question. The case may have been one for applying the rule *de minimis*. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the conduct and character of Private O'GRADY to take upon us to decide what degree of contumacy there may have been in his display of the flower of St. Patrick. Much depends upon that. On Captain TINDAL's own showing, it does, however, appear that he might have overlooked that shamrock, and that if he had he would in all probability have defeated the real intentions of Private O'GRADY.



Similarly, it may be said that, if Mr. BALFOUR had had the first answering of the Irish members on Thursday night, less time would have been wasted on the Consolidated Fund (No. 1) Bill. The case was one for a little graceful geniality, a candid recognition of the respectability of sentiment, and a good-natured appeal to the reasonableness of honourable members, when duly placated by this tender handling of their most sacred feelings. All this Mr. BALFOUR gave when he had a chance to speak, and with good effect. But the first answer was given by Mr. STANHOPE, and the hand of the SECRETARY of STATE for WAR is not light. He dwelt at rather unnecessary length on that very serious subject, the discipline of the British army, and spoke with the voice of the "strict service officer." The case hardly required so much gravity of tone, and the Irish members were of course invited by it to make a little display. Mr. STANHOPE should know his House of Commons better by this time. If there is one thing which may be asserted with more confidence than another about that august body, it is that its nerves are habitually irritated by the strict service or strict legal tone in matters in which sentiment is concerned. It will always be the more resolute to take up the cause of a poor fellow, or poor girl, who has had hard lines because it is told with a martinet air by some official persons that the rules are the rules. This grave line always annoys it, particularly when there is a manifest contrast between the solemnity of the principles paraded before it and the intrinsic unimportance of the case. That was precisely why Mr. BALFOUR's answer, with its timely little touch of Scotch patriotism—*à-nant* St. Andrew's Day—was so exactly right, and Mr. STANHOPE's strict service answer was not in tune. Of course the Irish members delivered a little series of patriotic cavatinas. They were intrinsically rather absurd, these cavatinas. Mr. J. MCCARTHY took far too big a speaking-trumpet when he talked of brutal orders and the natural revolt of the outraged Irish soldier, and of wrongs which had sunk deep into the heart of the Irish people. Mr. SEXTON was quite heterodox in those remarks of his which we have already quoted. Mr. J. O'CONNOR went into unnecessary heights when he wanted to know what is to be the conduct of the British soldier "to-wards those who might resent interference in such a case 'in future.'" But this is exactly how Irish members talk, and not they only, but English and Scotch also, when they are annoyed by the interference of official priggery with sentiment. Happily Mr. BALFOUR stepped in in time, and smoothed everybody's feathers. Then Mr. STANHOPE had the good sense to come forward with the consoling promise that the promotion of Private O'GRADY to corporal shall not be malignantly delayed because of the uncontrollable ebullition of his feelings on the 17th. Then the Consolidated Fund Bill was allowed to go on. Private O'GRADY shall, in due time, become sergeant if he behaves himself; and no doubt the education of Captain TINDAL has been advanced by his experience.

#### SUBMERGED PARIS.

THE system of poor-relief in France is an important subject on which no information exists in a compendious form in French. The best account of it is to be found in an English Blue-book, which is, however, out of date and incomplete. The following notes are an attempt to cover the whole ground, so far as Paris is concerned, as succinctly as possible.

The natural thriftiness of the French working man is undoubtedly stimulated by the system of public poor-relief. The State only recognizes two classes as having a legal claim to support—namely, lunatics and orphans, real or virtual. All other relief is considered merely as a moral obligation. Able-bodied paupers are dealt with by the police, though not all in the same way. The destitute, pure and simple—that is, those who have sunk to pauperism through misfortune—are rarely sentenced, and then only to a nominal penalty of from eight days to one month's imprisonment at Nanterre, after which they remain there at work for some months until they have earned a small sum of money and wish to leave, or until their friends come forward and reclaim them. Habitual tramps are generally sent to prison for from three to six months, followed by police supervision. Beggars, after serving a term of imprisonment, go to the *dépôts de mendicité*, which are in the nature of Houses of Correction.

Public relief in Paris is administered by the Bureau d'Assistance Publique, a department of the Ministry of the Interior, and comes under five heads:—1, Hospitals; 2, almshouses; 3, *bureaux de*

*bienfaisance*; 4, *enfants assistés*; and 5, lunatic asylums. These institutions employ between six thousand and seven thousand persons, including medical officers, and spend about 1,000,000*l.* per annum. Rather more than half of this is derived from endowments and from private charity, which is encouraged as far as possible to contribute to the State-directed institutions; the rest is made up from municipal funds. It should be mentioned that theatres and all places of public entertainment are obliged to hand over 10 per cent. of their receipts to the Assistance Publique—no doubt on the principle of taxing the luxuries of the rich for the benefit of the poor. The Grand Opéra alone contributes about 12,000*l.* a year. The total number of persons receiving public relief of all kinds in 1888—the last year for which returns are available—was 355,844, which shows an increase of 38,102 in twenty years.

Of the hospitals not much need be said. They do not differ materially from our own, except that they are under State control. The total number of cases admitted in the year is about 120,000. The cases of the class answering to our out-patients are largely treated at home, and come under another head. The almshouses are thirteen in number, and maintain some 13,000 aged and infirm persons. Two of them—namely, Bicêtre (for men) and La Salpêtrière (for women) are lunatic asylums also, lunatics being included under the head of "infirm." Others are differently styled *maisons de retraite* and *hospices fondés*, and are of a superior character.

By far the most interesting of the charitable institutions, however, are the *bureaux de bienfaisance* and the *enfants assistés*. The former are organized thus. Each of the twenty *arrondissements* of the city has its own bureau, which is managed by a council, and is divided into twelve zones, or districts, with an "administrator" to each. Every applicant for relief is visited by the administrator of the district, and a lady helper or a medical man; and the case is reported to the council. The system of inquiry is thus very complete, and the danger of abuse reduced to a minimum. Pecuniary relief is only given in the following cases:—first, to the aged, who receive from 5 fr. to 12 fr. a month according to age, from 70 years upwards; secondly, in cases of illness; and thirdly, to those who are fit subjects for the almshouses, but for whom there does not happen to be room. Relief in kind is administered by the "houses of succour," which are sub-departments of the bureaux, and takes the form of bread, soup, old clothes, shoes, medical advice, medicine, and the loan of bedding. The "houses of succour" are worked by sisters of charity, and indeed the *bureaux de bienfaisance* are mainly dependent on the active assistance of philanthropic volunteers, who have here an excellent opportunity of satisfying their charitable instincts without running so much risk as usual of doing more harm than good. The recipients are divided into two classes—(1) *indigent*, (2) *nécessiteux*—and number in round figures 100,000. About the same number receive medical treatment at home.

The service of the *enfants assistés* is divided into two departments:—

(1) Children assisted but left at home.  
(2) Children taken entirely in charge and reared by the State.  
The total number assisted in 1888 was 44,527. Class (1) is composed mainly, but not entirely, of the children of unmarried women, principally domestic servants and seamstresses. The object of the system is to give in favourable cases such help as will enable the mothers to bring up their children themselves, instead of laying the whole burden on the State. In fact, Class (1) exists for the purpose of relieving Class (2), which is very much the larger. It includes the children of destitute parents, orphans, foundlings, those deserted, and those whose parents are in gaol. Such children are adopted and brought up by the State. The old foundling hospital which figures in *Janet Pride* no longer exists, and only a small number of the children are placed in institutions. The great bulk of them, to the number of about 35,000, are put out to nurse in the country, and as they grow up are apprenticed to farmers. Nurses are paid from 10*s.* to 12*s.* 6*d.* a month for the first year, and from 8*s.* 4*d.* to 10*s.* afterwards. They are all under careful supervision by official inspectors. The system is an excellent one.

Private charities in Paris are numerous, but they are nearly all of a religious character, and are administered by priests and Sisters of Mercy. The most considerable is probably the Société Philanthropique, which spends about 3,000*l.* a year. Definite information about the actual results of these institutions is difficult to obtain, but the most tangible part of their work takes the form of soup-kitchens, where meals are distributed at about half cost price, and of night shelters on a small scale. There are a dozen of these permanent shelters, and they contain about 150 beds each. Two of the twelve are for women, and one for prisoners just emerged from gaol who have nowhere else to go. In the case of the ordinary shelters destitute individuals are

received for three nights; at the prison-gate establishment they are allowed to remain a month, and even more. In all cases the inmates only get their night's lodging. They remain out all day, ostensibly looking for work. In this connexion mention should be made of the temporary shelters established last winter. The severe frost and consequent distress among the "unemployed" roused a great wave of sentiment, which not only called forth much private philanthropy, but also engulfed the Government. The result was a serious debauch of indiscriminate charity, which, as we know only too well here, is a most catching complaint. Free night-shelters and free meals were established on a very large scale, and supported partly by public contributions and partly by the Ministry of the Interior. The most important were the shelter in the Exhibition building *Aux Arts Libéraux* and the *Asile de la Presse* in the Rue Rochecouart. Altogether, accommodation for several thousands was provided, and at first all applicants were admitted, unemployed, tramps, criminals, and everybody. Subsequently, however, "papers" were required, and the relief confined more or less to the deserving poor—that is, to labourers out of work. We will briefly describe what went on at the refuge in the Rue Rochecouart. The building is admirably adapted to the purpose, being a large swimming-bath with three very wide galleries running the whole way round. These galleries afforded sleeping room for 800 men, each of whom was provided with a roughly-made straw mattress bound in sacking, a pillow to match, and a blanket-rug for coverlet. The already existing apparatus for heating the bath sufficed to warm the building very efficiently. Excellent washing accommodation was also provided. The end of one gallery was turned into a sick bay containing some ten or twelve beds for bronchitic and phthisical cases. The poor came in the evening, and went out about 7 or 8 in the morning. Only men were admitted to sleep, but during the day two meals were served at 11 A.M. and 5 P.M. for both men and women; one being provided by the Press Fund, the other by the Minister of the Interior. The food given was excellent soup with bread—the whole gratis. Altogether, within a period of two months, nearly 300,000 persons were lodged, and over 1,000,000 meals distributed. It sounds ungracious to quarrel with such an arrangement as a temporary means of alleviating exceptional distress; but to give free lodgings and free meals on this large scale, and almost without inquiry, is to set a dangerous precedent, as Londoners know only too well. It would be difficult for any French Ministry, considering the extreme instability of the Government, to evade a popular outcry for the same thing every winter; and once opened, these places are not so easily closed. As it was, they went on last winter far longer than was necessary, and seemed to an experienced eye, judging from the look of the men, to be in a fair way to manufacture paupers wholesale.

The Salvation Army is said to exist in Paris, but nothing is ever seen or heard of it.

#### THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CHINA.

IF it were not for the appearance of Blue-books we should be apt to suppose that the only movers on the diplomatic stage were those who appear before the footlights; and the work done by the scene-shifters and others, on whose skill and direction the success of the piece presented to the audience is mainly dependent, would be in danger of being forgotten. The columns of the newspapers represent the scenes on the stage, and at breakfast each morning we have presented to us the overt actions and vagaries of Cabinets, Ministers, and mobs. When the acute phases of the political crises, brought about by these varying forces, are over, and the curtain has fallen on the act, we turn to some new source of interest, and forget in the midst of fresh excitements that behind the drop-scene busy work is still being carried on in preparation of the part of the play which is to follow. For the general public Parliamentary papers are the only introductions to the diplomatic coulisses, and alone make visible, amid the dust and rubbish behind the scenes, the wire-pullers at whose bidding the puppets on the stage go through their performances, and the prompters at whose instigation the actors strut and fret.

More especially is this true of the dramas presented to us in distant parts of the world. Our interest is excited and sometimes our horror is raised by the actions of potentates whose titles are strange to our ears, and the names of whose capitals and towns have an unaccustomed sound. But so soon as the activity for good or evil has subsided we turn to something nearer home, and are only too willing to imagine that the end of each act is the conclusion of the play. The riots in China are a case in point. Last summer and autumn, from the outbreak at Wuhu in May to the disturbance at Ich'ang in September, a succession of tragedies was enacted on the shores of the Yangtze Kiang,

and the just indignation of the people of this country was aroused at the culpable negligence of a Government which would permit such atrocities to be committed within its rule. The violence of the mobs having been appeased, however, and the announcement made that the Emperor was learning English, it was readily conjectured that the whole affair was at an end, and that everything was well in that topsy-turvy, semi-barbarous country of China. Readers of the Blue-book published within the last few days will find that, far from this being the case, the position of affairs is worse now than it was at this time last year, and that forces are at work which may reproduce at any moment the scenes of murder, burning, and rapine which shocked the civilized world a few months ago.

It is true that open hostility towards foreigners has for the time being ceased; but the action of the authorities has been such as to induce the Ministers of Great Britain, Germany, the United States, Japan, Italy, Russia, France, Belgium, and Spain solemnly to declare in an official protocol "that no faith can be put in the assurances of the Chinese Government." This is the keynote of the situation. While the Peking authorities are constantly asserting that they are doing all in their power to vindicate the law, and to make a recurrence of the outbreak against foreigners impossible, the foreign Ministers at Peking declare that they have "done little or nothing to protect the life and property of foreigners residing in China under treaty," and that no faith can be put in their assurances. Disregard of truthfulness is a characteristic of semi-civilized peoples, and one can no more expect to meet with truthfulness at Peking than one could hope to find a high code of morality at the Court of a native Indian prince. The logic of facts has constantly disproved the asseverations of the native authorities made at Peking, and repeated here by the Chinese Minister accredited to this Court. While it was confidently affirmed that justice had been meted out to the officials and others who had contributed to the outbreaks, it was proved incontestably that the only mandarin who had been removed from his post and degraded was the magistrate who sheltered and defended English women and children when flying for their lives from the face of the mob; and that while a protest was made that every effort was being used to discover and punish the authors of the inflammatory placards against foreigners, the chief contributors to this infamous literature, though perfectly well known, were left unmolested. It is true that, in response to an indignant protest from the foreign Ministers, the magistrate referred to was reinstated; but not only does the principal author of the placards—one Chow Hantsze—remain unarrested, but he was lately able to secure the release of a relative who had been taken in the act of disseminating the placards.

Translations of a number of these inflammatory documents are published in the Blue-book, and anything more infamous than their contents it is impossible to imagine. Abundantly they justify the collective protest addressed by the foreign Ministers to the Tsungli Yamén, who could find no more appropriate answer than a technical objection to the form of a joint note as not being "warranted by international usage in Europe." The idea of Chinese mandarins lecturing the European representatives on international usage is comic, and is much as if Cetewayo had taken it upon himself to instruct Lord Wolsley in the rules of the Red Cross Society. But this is quite in keeping with the offensive tone which is commonly adopted by the Chinese authorities in their communication with foreigners. Unfortunately foreigners encourage this attitude by their obsequious manner towards the mandarins. An instance of this is furnished in the present Blue-book. This is found in the account given of an interview between Captain Ricotti of the Italian navy and the Viceroy of Hunan, at which Consul Gardner was present as interpreter. Captain Ricotti began by expressing "great pleasure at being able to pay this visit. Considered it a personal honour. Hoped that His Excellency" (every mandarin of any standing is dubbed His Excellency) "and all the great men of his family were well." To these remarks the man in whose jurisdiction most of the riots occurred returned answer that he "hoped the *Volturmo*" (Captain Ricotti's ship) "had had a good passage," and then he went on to express surprise "to see an Italian man-of-war at Hankow, where Italy has not many interests." On Captain Ricotti explaining that he had come to co-operate in the protection of the lives and property of Europeans, the Viceroy replied to the effect that there was no need of foreign interference, that he was quite able to check all outbreaks, and that if riots did occur he would compensate the sufferers. Upon which Captain Ricotti, instead of pointing out to him that he had signally failed either to suppress the riots or to put a stop to anti-foreign propaganda, replied, "I am much pleased, and I thank your Excellency for your plain and clear directions."

So long as Europeans adopt this tone in addressing mandarins,



"whose hostility to foreigners is," as Sir John Walsham tells Lord Salisbury, "invariable," so long will those gentry learn to treat us with the curious indifference which has been shown in the recent discussions (*vide* the Blue-book *passim*) by all ranks from the officials of the Tsungli Yamén down to the ordinary gilt-buttoned mandarin.

## SATURDAY AT CHRISTIE'S.

THE first great day of the present season was the occasion of a crush at Christie's. Who the people are that attend picture sales in such vast hordes it would be difficult to say. They are not remarkable as judges and show no great discrimination. The strange and not altogether accountable habit that prevails in an auction-room of greeting a picture with applause was scarcely acted upon last Saturday until a poor faded over-cleaned school copy of an old French master was placed upon the easel and was loudly cheered. That cheers like these mean nothing was proved when poor Mr. Woods could hardly elicit a bid for it. But he probably knows the value of such applause too well to be easily disappointed. There were, however, plenty of fine pictures in the sale, and they realized fine prices, while people sat in patience literally for hours until three little Walkers were brought forward. The opening items were among the most important, comprising, after a few pictures of lesser note, a grand Hondecoeter of "Fowls and Ducks," which fetched 200 guineas, and cannot be considered too dear at the price; Karel du Jardin's "Travelling Musicians," which went for 220, and a "Village Fête" in Teniers's most airy and silvery manner, from Knole, which ran up speedily to 1,430 guineas. It was a capital example in fine preservation. The boers were carousing as usual, but not very offensively, and only one drunken man was being led off by an indignant wife. We need not doubt "she said the rest." From Knole also came an "Interior of a Guard-room," by the same artist. The foreground is taken up with the armour, which the soldiers have laid aside in order to enjoy a game with dice. In the background is St. Peter in prison, visited by an angel, who shows him the way of escape. The contrast between the two scenes is very violent, but the picture, which was in brilliant preservation, was soon bid up to 1,700 guineas. Then came the great feature of the day's sale, the Rembrandt, signed and dated 1650, a picture with a perfect pedigree, which indeed was by no means a necessity. Those who saw it during the private views on one of the sunny mornings of last week were literally startled at its brilliancy. It failed to kill the Teniers paintings on either side of it, but it would have snuffed out any other work in the room. By an irony of fate, or of Messrs. Christie's "hanging committee," Reynolds's great "Death of Dido," which we have just seen in the Academy, was hung close above. The catalogue gave the name of Hendrikje Stoffels to Rembrandt's young, but far from comely, damsel. She has a small golden cap on, and with one coarse hand is putting aside a heavily fringed curtain, and, half rising from her bed, is gazing into the room. The stereoscopic effect is marvellous. If Hendrikje Stoffels is really the person represented, which there seems little reason to doubt, she afterwards became his wife, or more probably his mistress, and in 1654 her child by Rembrandt was baptized and registered. The very powerful but hideous "Bather" in the National Gallery was painted in the same year, and apparently from the same coarse model. The first bid was 2,000 guineas, and after a keen competition it was knocked down at 5,000. A beautiful Watteau, the usual *Fête Champêtre* scene, was much admired, and no wonder it reached the respectable figure of 2,100, but it had been sold last year for considerably more. We wish we could think it to be destined for the national collection, where no example exists of this glorious colourist. A really fine, and very sound, clean and fresh Sir Joshua of "Lady Sondes" went up to 4,100 guineas. The high prices given lately for Romneys have surprised even his admirers. His Lady Hamilton as "A Welsh Girl" was sold at 2,100 guineas, and his portrait of Lady Augusta Murray, who married the Duke of Sussex, and was mother of the late Colonel d'Este and of Lady Truro, went up to 3,800. It is said that 5,000. was lately refused for this picture. A number of other portraits by Romney followed at comparatively moderate prices, ranging from 100 to 940 guineas. A "Bacchante," by Murillo—by no means a first-rate example—was sold last year for 1,300 guineas, and now fetched only 800. A grand landscape of a "Country Fair," by Stark, was not knocked down till 1,400 guineas had been bidden for it. There followed a great number of comparatively uninteresting pictures, and those who had the needful endurance had a long time to wait before the three little Walkers were reached. The "Fish Monger's Shop" is only 13½ inches by 23 inches, yet sold for 630., and the "Marlow Ferry," still smaller, for 1,120 guineas. After these

prices, the "Coachman and Cabbage" does not seem dear at 260 guineas. There are several important collections coming on by-and-by, and the sightseer in London will do well to go to the galleries in King Street, on view-days, for some time to come.

## LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

THE indifference of Englishmen to the value of their national monuments is amazing. The great historical buildings of England are not inferior in interest to those of any other country, yet their destruction is continued with disastrous pertinacity, and the nation that owns them passes by on the other side, apparently unconscious of the wholesale historical murders which are being perpetrated across the way. The latest instance of Vandalism comes from Lincoln. On the north-east side of the Minster Green stand eight old houses, which do not appear to be in anybody's way, and which are of considerable value to the general appearance of the Cathedral buildings, and of great historical interest. On the north side of the cloister is the Library, a charming example of Wren's work, built when Honeywood was Dean. In 1875, Mr. Pearson made a report to the Dean and Chapter in which he stated that the erection of Wren's Library was "much to be deplored," and that it would be neither difficult nor costly to take down this Library and rebuild it somewhere else, and then to "restore the cloisters to their original form." This proposal appears to have been simmering in the minds of the Dean and Chapter ever since; the only question was the money, and this was at length met by an offer of Mr. Alfred Shuttleworth to buy and destroy the eight houses and to clear the site, the interest on his purchase-money to go to finance the money borrowed by the Dean and Chapter for Mr. Pearson's scheme, the total estimate of cost being 5,000. Mr. Pearson, who was again consulted on Mr. Shuttleworth's proposals, states that "since that time (1875) my views have not in any way changed," and adds that "a most beautiful view of the Minster will thus be obtained, with the Chapter-house in the foreground, and the new Library building to the right"; the new Library building being Mr. Pearson's new version of Sir Christopher Wren's Library.

On March 12th of this year a meeting was held in the Chapter-house to consider the whole question. The Bishop of Lincoln was present, so were the Dean and Chapter, the Mayor and High Sheriff, and other eminent persons of the neighbourhood. The meeting unanimously adopted the Dean and Chapter's proposal; and the Bishop of Lincoln, who spoke at the end, though he regretted the destruction of the old buildings, said that he was unwilling to disturb the harmony of the meeting. A temperate and reasonable protest from the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings was discreetly suppressed. As Mr. Shuttleworth's offer is conditional on the work being done at once, we may shortly expect the whole of this gratuitous mutilation to be carried out, unless public opinion can be sufficiently roused to interfere in the matter. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, as usual, have sanctioned the work and the waste of 5,000. on an archaeological sham.

Possibly from an uncomfortable suspicion that there were people in England who disapproved of wholesale historical butchery, the Dean and Chapter have set to work at once. With amazing haste they have, it appears, already demolished two of the houses. These once formed one building, and contained a thirteenth-century hall, measuring 37 ft. 8 in. by 20 ft. 10 in., with considerable remains of Early English detail, a kitchen and traces of a serving-hall. The hall was used as a refectory for the entertainment of vicars by the Dean and Chapter, afterwards as the Minster grammar-school, and ultimately the building was used as judges' lodgings. All this historical evidence has been summarily knocked on the head by the Dean and Chapter, who seem to be blessed with complete ignorance, or imperturbable effrontery.

The Dean, who introduced the subject to the meeting, stated without a blush that their object was to remove Wren's Library, and nobody said a word in its defence, though the Mayor put in a half-hearted plea for the eight old houses; but the other speaker seemed to suppose that they were acting in accordance with the latest lights on the subject in helping to destroy one historical building because it did not happen to be in the same architectural style as another. The High Sheriff said that it was especially on this ground that he desired the removal of the Library, the cloisters being Gothic, while in the Library "they had a palladium structure" (*Lincolnshire Chronicle*, March 15), implying that a building need only be labelled "a palladium" to be evidently bad. The High Sheriff further let out that when Wren's Library is rebuilt it is to be enlarged and altered—a fact not dwelt upon by the Dean, and hardly consistent with the

words of Mr. Pearson's Report, that the Library could be "re-produced exactly as it is now, nearly stone for stone."

The whole incident is unfortunately typical. Here is a group of buildings, of much antiquity and undeniable historical value, buildings instinct with the associations of many generations, buildings which in the opinion of artists are an integral part of a great architectural whole, and which cannot be removed without destroying the character which that whole has borne for centuries; and yet, at the bidding of an uninstructed Dean and Chapter, guided by an egotistical iconoclast, the whole of this is to be swept away. If they were doomed by absolute necessity, it would be useless to protest against their inevitable extinction; but no pretext approaching absolute necessity has been advanced, no reason for their destruction exists but the fussiness of the people in charge of the buildings, and the personal predilection of the architect for his own particular notions of Gothic.

It has been rendered apparent by the experience of this century that the custody of such priceless national monuments as our churches and cathedrals demands reconsideration. Owing to zeal and misdirected piety, the majority of these buildings have become unreadable even to a skilled archaeologist, to say nothing of the immense vulgarity of much of the work that has been done under the name of "restoration." However, there is a Nemesis in all these things, and the reckless disregard of posterity must lead eventually to a reaction in public opinion. A high authority on the subject says that within his memory more than half the old buildings of England have been deprived of their historical value by restorations; and it appears that the few which remain can only be saved by making such restoration impossible in future.

#### THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON WATER-SUPPLY.

THE appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the question of the future water-supply of the metropolis was a wise, and indeed a necessary, measure. A not unnatural prejudice exists at the present time in regard to Royal Commissions. Very many have been appointed of late years; they have invariably collected much scientific and other evidence at great expense. Their work has occupied considerable periods of time, sometimes years of time, and their conclusions, to which elaborate appendices have commonly been attached, have too frequently been followed by no practical results. The appointment of a Royal Commission is now very commonly regarded as a means of delaying, if not of avoiding, some inconvenient question. But with regard to the water-supply of London the case is very different. It is true that almost innumerable inquiries have been made, interesting results obtained, and conclusions of greater or less wisdom submitted to Parliament, with some valuable results in legislation. But even the latest of the great public inquiries is now, from the scientific point of view, ancient history, and to make any change in the present greatly improved, if still imperfect, arrangements for London water-supply without a new scientific inquiry would be a most reckless proceeding.

Before entering into details, the chief objects which must come under the consideration of the new Commission may be briefly stated. They are in substantial harmony with the well-drawn instructions to the Commissioners which were announced by Mr. Ritchie on the 14th instant. The names of the Commissioners will command general respect, and the only doubt that can be felt is whether bacteriological science is sufficiently represented. In regard to the future water-supply of London, the main considerations to be studied may be described shortly as ranging under the four heads of quantity, quality, cost, and honesty. The three first terms explain themselves, but the last requires a little amplification. Dishonesty in a future water-supply might arise in two ways—first, by confiscation of existing rights, and secondly, by the withdrawal of water from towns or districts which now or in the future will require it. The work of the present Royal Commissioners ought not to take long, for most of it has been done very carefully already.

The present position of the London water question is due to very complex causes, of which a few may conveniently be indicated here. The introduction of the water-carriage system of sewage disposal involved the creation of house-drains and sewers discharging into the river. For several centuries a portion of the water-supply of London had been drawn from the Thames and Lea, and the disgusting nature of this contamination of the supply led to complaints which from time to time compelled some improvements in regard to the points of intake of the water. But the great monitor was the cholera, with its terrible lessons, which recurred in 1832, 1849, 1854, and 1866. The first lesson was unrecognized, and even the epidemic of 1849, when the deaths from cholera amounted in London to 61·8 in 10,000 of the

population, although it led to vigorous action, and to the passing of the Metropolis Water Act (1852), which is still in force, was ill understood. The epidemic of 1854, less deadly than that of 1849, brought into prominence and placed on a scientific basis the hypothesis previously suggested by Dr. Snow, that cholera was commonly carried in the water-supply. It was proved by excellent scientific testimony that a fearful explosion of cholera in the neighbourhood of Golden Square was mainly, if not entirely, due to the specific pollution of a pump near Golden Square. What is commonly called the zymotic theory, which regards the disease as due to the action in the alimentary canal of zymes or spores, now called bacilli, readily carried by water, became more than a mere speculation. The carefully studied peculiarities of the last epidemic of 1866 strengthened the theory, and no one now doubts that water is one of the commonest and most dangerous agents for the spread of this and some other diseases. The bacilli may be carried suspended in air, but more readily and in greater numbers by water.

The history of London water-supply, gathered from many blue books and other authentic sources, is shortly as follows:—Prior to 1581, London was supplied by shallow wells and running streams, which latter probably would now be described as ditches; but in that year a Dutchman named Peter Morrys obtained permission to erect a water-wheel under one of the arches of London Bridge, which, worked by the tides, pumped water from the river to streets and houses. The "London Bridge Water-Works," established under this concession, gave a considerable supply to London for two hundred years. In 1609 Hugh, afterwards Sir Hugh, Myddelton completed that grand national enterprise, the New River, which still yields good water to London. He would probably have failed but for the wise assistance rendered by Government, and it is pleasant to remember that he and his successors reaped a rich reward. In the eighteenth century the London Thames Water Companies commenced their work, and in 1829 all the present London Companies were in existence. At the present time London is supplied by eight Companies, of whom five draw their supply from the Thames above Teddington; two—namely, the New River and the East London Water Companies—from the Upper Lea, with supplements from wells and the Upper Thames; while the eighth, the Kent Company, formerly supplied in part from the polluted Ravensbourne, now depends entirely on deep chalk wells; affording thereby a supply which, although hard, is organically the purest of all.

The Metropolis Act of 1852 provided, first, that no water should be drawn from the Thames below Teddington Lock; secondly, that all water except that from deep wells should be filtered; and, thirdly, that all water intended for supply should be stored in covered reservoirs. This Act was wise almost in advance of the scientific knowledge of the period, and the compulsory filtration of all waters not filtered by nature has led to results which cannot even yet be accurately measured. All modern science enhances their importance, and the only danger at the present time is that too blind a trust may be placed in filtration. To the Thames Conservancy Board is entrusted the duty of keeping the river free from pollution above the intake of the Companies. Its powers are, however, limited, and might, no doubt, be enlarged.

The London Water Companies met the new demands of sanitation fairly and generously. The duties thrown upon them were embraced with alacrity. Not only were the demands of the law complied with, but zeal has been shown and great expense incurred in carrying them out. The upper waters of the Thames and Lea are now carefully filtered, and it is not wonderful that many of our greatest sanitary authorities consider that the water-supply of London is now entirely satisfactory. In regard to this point, scientific men have ranged themselves into two hostile camps, and the newly-appointed Royal Commissioners must be careful to preserve themselves from bias on the one side or the other. For, in opposition to the optimistic view, it must be constantly remembered that the Thames and Lea above the intakes of the Companies are continuously polluted with human sewage, and that, in the face of this admitted fact, the burden of proof, in regard to the permanent safety of the water, must rest upon those who assert that at all times, even in times of severe zymotic epidemics, the water-supply of London will remain above suspicion. No one denies that the water has been in the worst of company, and the strongest proof must be afforded that it has escaped from the contamination before it reaches the houses of London. In regard to safety, deadly pollution being admitted to be at any time possible, the questions remain—first, whether the supervision of the rivers can be trusted; secondly, whether the self-purifying power of the water would always remove noxious contaminations; and, thirdly, if either of the above safeguards failed, filtration would be certain to remove all danger.

Many points of great importance in regard to the future work



of the Commission remain to be noticed; but we must reserve them for another article.

During the last few days the annual Report of the Medical Officer of Health to the Local Government Board has appeared with a terrible account from Dr. Blaxall of the sanitary condition of Staines and its probable and even certain effect on the water taken in just below Sunbury by the Thames Water Companies. The risk was pointed out some years ago in the *Lancet*, but the evidence now adduced is far more complete, and certainly cannot be ignored by the Commissioners.

#### MR. WHISTLER'S PICTURES.

IT is not to be questioned that a very great interest attaches to the first general collection of his paintings which Mr. Whistler has shown to the public. The exhibition at 116 New Bond Street is very far, of course, from being complete, but the artist has been singularly successful in bringing together representative oil-pictures from all periods of his career. Those who have lent these precious canvases—so long jeered at by their friends as esoteric utterances of a mystic, or else as mere rhodomontade, and now regarded with an awed admiration which is perhaps equally ridiculous—deserve the thanks of the public for their generosity in displaying their treasures. Nor can we fail to commend the reserve which the painter has himself shown in the arrangement of the gallery. Not this time, as on previous similar occasions, does a shrinking youth, travestied in the colours of a daffodil, hand us our catalogue; pale green and golden hangings do not distract us from the pictures; no butterflies of gamboge satin are dancing about the place on wires. Mr. Whistler has considered, no doubt, that his fame has grown above the need of these gewgaws to advertise it, and he is right. We wish his courage had taken him one step further, and that the Catalogue did not, for the tenth time, contain quotations from all the dull things which bewildered criticism has said about him. Mr. Whistler is a wit, and should recollect that the same old joke must not be told too often to the same old audience.

We have never denied Mr. Whistler's talent, and it is therefore not necessary for us to descend to the raptures in which some of our repentant contemporaries think it proper to veil their contrition for past attacks. There are two ways in which it is perfectly fair for the non-artistic world to regard fine art; artists have but one way. If we consider the last only—that is to say, if we exclusively regard the technical dexterity, the brush-system, the executive characterization—then it is difficult not to speak with what seems like exaggeration of Mr. Whistler's best paintings. His colour is so exquisite, his actual method of producing the effect he desires by means of his brush so masterly, and all this adroit technique is so completely part of a very fine and a very peculiar personal temperament, that we are not much surprised that those who enjoy these things sincerely—a limited company—use to express their pleasure language which savours of extravagance. We could stand with them and be extravagant. There are moments at which to us also art seems centred in Mr. Whistler, as music in Chopin or poetry in Shelley. But there is the other mode, and the moment comes when we see that, exquisite and invaluable as this emotional workmanship is, in its place, art cannot confine itself to such manifestations; when this consideration asserts itself underneath the flutter of nervous pleasure, we realize that a world of nocturnes and arrangements would be as tedious as an eternal *soufflé*. Then it is that we resent the fanaticism which denies merit and value to all that is not of this peculiar order, and are almost ready, in our haste, to wish that the names of Degas and of Whistler might never be uttered.

This would be a great misfortune, for Mr. Whistler is a delightful painter. What is somewhat affectedly styled an "Arrangement in Grey and Black" (42) is a superb and now famous portrait of Thomas Carlyle seated, probably the finest presentation of that philosopher existing. The simplicity in repose of the figure, the solid modelling of the face, the characterization of the whole, are above praise, and should be above advertisement. The full-length figures of young ladies here exhibited are, almost without exception, novel in treatment, and yet sound and brilliant. Mr. Whistler excels in rendering the undulation of a graceful human body in the act of turning; he has a rare gift in drawing necks and wrists and ankles. We do not find so much charm in the "Miss Alexander" (23) as in the rest of the portraits; but we do not know that it is, in its own way, less skilful.

For those who are not able to admire Mr. Whistler's "nocturnes," when they are at his best, we feel a genuine sympathy, for we think their colour-sense must be defective. This is, perhaps, the department of his work the value of which is least

to be questioned. To the notorious "Falling Rocket" (10) we have nothing to offer but admiration. This, it appears to us, is a previously unrecorded aspect of modern life, caught with exquisite exactitude, and painted in tones of the richest harmony. Equally beautiful, and even bolder, is "Old Battersea Bridge" (4), submerged in the vitreous mystery of dim blue twilight, painted without emphasis, without oddity, in the serenity of nature. That Mr. Whistler always succeeds, or always to the same extent, we cannot admit; to find him inevitably impeccable must be left to the raucous *claque* of his adorers. For instance, here are two "Chelsea Embankments" (1 and 27); of these, the former is solid, complete, and intelligible under the light which the artist has selected; the latter is odd and phantasmal, not inharmonious in tone, but irritatingly false to nature, and, therefore, if he would but see it, false to Mr. Whistler.

A special interest attaches to the pictures painted while Mr. Whistler was under the spell of the Japanese Fan. Among these the finest is that which represents a Japanese lady putting the finishing touches to a blue and white pot. There are parts of this painting which remind us of D. G. Rossetti, but the technical execution is higher than was often reached by that artist. The little landscape called "Crepuscle in Opal" (39), representing an orange sunset dying away in a field of blue-grey clouds, is simple and charming. It is curious that Mr. Whistler, who indicates movement so adroitly in his portraits, seems unable to do the same in his studies of inanimate nature. In "The Blue Wave, Biarritz" (21), the great central breaker is beautifully drawn, and with colour that is admirable, but it is a wall of ice; the notion of movement is one which the eye refuses to accept.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE compromise offered by the Portuguese Government to the foreign bondholders demands from the latter serious sacrifices, but if it is modified in one or two important particulars it is probably as good as can be obtained; indeed, from one point of view, it is extremely satisfactory. The Government proposes, in the first place, to reduce the interest upon its foreign debt by 50 per cent. for the present. That is unquestionably a very grave reduction, as it will cut down by one-half the incomes of the bondholders. But Portugal can do only what is possible, and we are afraid that at the present time half the interest is as much as Portugal can furnish. Furthermore, the Portuguese Government asks that it should be given the right for the next two years to pay even half the interest, not in cash, but in bonds. Before that is conceded the representatives of the bondholders will, of course, require clear proof that it is absolutely necessary, that Portugal cannot furnish the money. If proof to that effect is given, the bondholders have no option but to agree. On the other hand, if the proof is not forthcoming, the bondholders will be justified in refusing to accede to it. Assuming, however, that the proof is given, it is better for the bondholders to accept the inevitable at once; the sooner they do so the sooner the Government will be able to restore order in its finances, to make such arrangements as will place it in a position to fulfil the new agreement strictly. The interest which is not to be paid for the present is to be funded in deferred bonds, bearing interest at 5 per cent., and a sinking fund is to be formed for redeeming those deferred bonds in the course of fifteen years. That is not merely a fair proposal, it is a very satisfactory one. It is always objectionable to cut down interest permanently. As soon as a Government recovers credit it is thereby enabled to borrow again, and so to rush into fresh extravagance. The plan now proposed will prevent that, will make it the duty of the Portuguese Government to practise henceforward the strictest economy so as to redeem the deferred bonds, and to resume gradually the full payment of interest; for the Government proposes likewise gradually to increase the rate of interest until, when the deferred bonds are all paid off, it will be able to restore the rate of interest to its original amount. That, again, is a very satisfactory proposal, and one that does much credit to the Portuguese Government. But now we come to the most objectionable part of the plan. The Government asks for the sanction of the bondholders to a new loan of 4 millions sterling, part of it to be employed in paying off the floating debt—or, at all events, the most inconvenient portion of the floating debt—and part to defray the interest on the funded debt during the next two years. Of course the Government does not require the sanction of the bondholders for raising a loan; what it really asks is that the bondholders should furnish the money. Its credit is gone, and in the open market, either at home or abroad, it cannot borrow. But it hopes to induce its existing creditors to make a new loan a part of the settlement of the debt. In our opinion, the bondholders ought

firmly to refuse. So far as their own interest for the next two years is concerned, it would be much better for them to accept it in paper, trusting that in two years Portugal may recover somewhat from its present desperate state. In reality the Government is asking the bondholders now to find the money for paying themselves. And so far as the floating debt is concerned, we see no reason why the holders of the floating debt should be treated better than the foreign bondholders. If Portugal has to compromise with its creditors, let it compromise with all of them. At all events, it is not the duty of the foreign bondholders to find the means of paying off the floating debt creditors, and they will be well advised, in our opinion, if they refuse to do so.

The money market has continued very quiet all the week, and the discount rate in the open market dropped to about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., hardening to  $1\frac{3}{4}$  on the influence of purchases of gold in the open market for the Continent. On Tuesday Treasury Bills amounting to 1,600,000*l.* were offered for tender, and somewhat more than half was taken in twelve-months bills, the remainder in three-months. The average rate at which the former was placed was a trifle under  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., the lowest figure at which twelve-months bills have ever yet been disposed of, and the average rate for the three-months bills was only slightly over  $1\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. Everything points to a long continuance of cheap money, as these figures show. Indeed, bankers find it extremely difficult to employ money for long terms on any conditions.

The price of silver fell on Thursday to  $40\frac{5}{16}$ *d.* per oz. Before this week the lowest price ever recorded was  $41\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per oz., so that Thursday's quotation is  $\frac{1}{16}$ *d.* per oz. lower than the lowest ever known before; and the tendency is still downwards. It is generally expected that the Free Coinage Bill now under discussion in the American House of Representatives will be vetoed by the President, even if it passes the Senate, which is doubtful. Under any circumstances, it seems clear that the attempt of the United States to rehabilitate silver has utterly failed, and must fail whatever is done. The production of the metal is increasing year by year, while the consumption is either stationary or falling off. The crisis through which the world is passing has affected the silver-using countries, and the drought in India is adding to the depression there. Consequently money has been unusually cheap during the present quarter—generally the period of the year in which the Indian money market is dearest. At the present time, for instance, the official discount rates of the State banks in India is only 4 per cent., and the highest this year has been no more than 5 per cent. The Indian demand for silver is in consequence very small.

The stock markets throughout the week have been exceedingly quiet, but fairly well maintained. The public is not investing largely, while speculative operators are waiting to see the outcome of the Murrieta liquidation. There is, however, a somewhat better feeling, and consequently, in spite of the absence of business, quotations are generally well maintained. In the United States there is a general expectation that the usual rise in prices that takes place in April and May will very soon begin; but business there also is checked by the dispute respecting the Behring Sea Fisheries, and by the debate on the Free Coinage Bill. Every one anticipates that the Bill will be thrown out in the Senate, and that, even if it is not, it will, as we have said, be vetoed by the President. But there is a fear at the same time that the discussion may alarm European holders of American securities, and therefore the great operators are unwilling for the moment to increase their risks. Upon the Continent the concentration of troops in Russian Poland is reviving political apprehension. The famine in Russia makes it clear that before very long there must be a considerable fall in Russian securities, which may have a very bad effect upon the Paris and Berlin Bourses. Although the Greek Government has provided the means for paying the April coupon on the Debt, it is doubted whether the July coupon can be paid; and, if it is, people fear that the rate at which money must be raised will increase eventually the difficulties of Greece. The plan submitted by the Portuguese Government for the settlement of the Debt, though in many respects satisfactory, has yet disappointed the public, and fresh alarm has been caused by the banking crisis in Oporto. The embarrassments of Spain are growing more serious, and the crisis in Italy is entering a graver phase. Almost everywhere upon the Continent there are thus serious difficulties, yet the Paris Bourse is showing extraordinary strength. Another bank failure in Australia has been announced this week, and the embarrassments of the colonies are not likely to end soon, while the drought in India and the fall in silver are inflicting heavy losses upon all engaged in trade with India, and especially upon Lancashire. The bi-metallic movement there is gaining strength; but the leading bi-metallics cannot agree amongst themselves upon a common plan, and the opinion of the rest of the country is decidedly in favour of maintaining the present system. The improvement in the Argentine market has been fairly sustained; and although the premium on gold at Buenos Ayres has again

risen to 253 per cent., there seems reason to hope that the country is at last beginning to recover. But a real revival cannot be looked for until the new President is in office and the settlement of the debt is completed.

Trade everywhere is declining, and is likely to fall off for some time to come.

In most departments the changes have been downwards during the week; but generally they are not important. Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at  $95\frac{9}{16}$ , a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of  $\frac{1}{4}$ , and India Three per Cent. Sterling closed at  $95\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $\frac{1}{4}$ . Amongst the best classes of Home Railway stocks, Great Western closed on Thursday afternoon at  $157\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of  $\frac{1}{4}$ . North-Eastern closed at  $154\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $\frac{3}{4}$ ; Midland closed at 159, also a fall of  $\frac{3}{4}$ ; and Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 108, a fall of  $\frac{1}{4}$ . In the American market there has been great steadiness up to Wednesday evening. On Thursday, however—following a break in New York—there was a decided decline. Thus Atchison shares closed on Thursday afternoon at  $39\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ . Chesapeake and Ohio closed at  $25\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $1\frac{1}{4}$ ; Erie closed at  $32\frac{1}{2}$ , also a fall of  $1\frac{1}{4}$ , and Union Pacific closed at 47, a fall of 1. All these are speculative securities, unsuited to the investor. Turning now to the dividend-paying shares, we find that Louisville and Nashville closed at  $75\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $1\frac{1}{4}$ ; New York Central closed at  $118\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of 1, and Lake Shore closed at  $136\frac{1}{2}$ , also a fall of 1. There has also been some reaction after the recent sharp rise in Argentine securities. Turning first to the railways, we find that Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference stock closed at 29-32, a fall of 1; Central Argentine closed at 59-61, also a fall of 1; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 69-71, a fall of 3, and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 124-6, a fall of 2. Amongst the Government securities, the Five per Cents of 1866 closed at  $63\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $1\frac{1}{4}$ , and the Funding Loan closed at  $54\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $3\frac{1}{4}$ . Amongst inter-Bourse securities, Greek of '84 closed at 60, a fall of 2; the Monopoly Loan closed at 53, a fall of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; and the Four per Cent. Rentes closed at 48, also a fall of  $1\frac{1}{4}$ . But in most other international securities there has been a recovery after the fall of last week. Thus Hungarian closed on Thursday afternoon at  $91\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Italian closed at  $87\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of 1; Portuguese closed at  $26\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; and Spanish closed at  $59\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $2\frac{1}{4}$ .

#### ARTHUR GORING THOMAS.

THE highly gifted composer whose shocking death on Sunday evening has saddened all musicians had a place of his own in English music which it will be almost impossible to fill. The remarkable revival of musical accomplishment and appreciation which has taken place within the last twenty years has had the inevitable effect of widening the breach between the more earnest composers and the purveyors of light music, of course to the disadvantage of both sides. If it were not so we might occasionally hear an English comic opera that was worth listening to for its music, or a taking ballad that was not full of grammatical mistakes. Arthur Goring Thomas was able, whether by his amiability of character or by his knowledge of men, to hold a position between the two extreme parties; he remained in touch with the composers that will some day be classics, and at the same time with those for whom a six months' theatrical "run" is all the immortality they seek. This was possible to him, without any loss of dignity, for his music was in one respect a thing apart from the majority of English achievements. The influence of his French studies remained with him to the end, and his qualities and defects were scarcely to be distinguished from those of many French composers. There is no French master of any period who need be ashamed to sign the score of *Esmeralda*—a work which, were opera truly alive among us, would be heard in London as often as the *Mignon* of the composer's namesake is heard in Paris. That intangible, and by most Englishmen unattainable, quality, distinction, breathes from every scene of this opera; the music is as well-bred as that of Sterndale Bennett, without the touch of primness which would have prevented Bennett from writing a work of any dramatic strength. The fire and dramatic power displayed in the third act of *Esmeralda*, the warmth and passion of the whole love-duet in *Nadecchda*—from which the ensemble "Dear love of mine" alone keeps possession of the public ear—are, perhaps, the highest attainments of the composer in this branch of his art; but the grace that never forsook him, the felicitous invention that made his rhythms so wonderfully charming, and his very remarkable skill of orchestration, are not of slighter value, and these appear in all he did.



He was an example of the success of an artistic education begun comparatively late in life. Born in 1851, he was four-and-twenty when he went to Paris to study composition in earnest under Emile Durand. When, after going through a course of instruction at our own Royal Academy of Music, he became a professional composer, he was not misled into over-production by feeling that he must make up for lost time; and the list of his works seems sadly short, now that it is closed. An early opera on Moore's *Light of the Harem* is very possibly of too tentative a character to justify its production in the present day; but it is earnestly to be hoped that the work, or works, in a lighter vein, said to have been completed by him, will some day see the light. A proposed subject from *The Vicar of Wakefield* should have suited his more lyrical style to perfection; if the libretto has been prepared, it will be hard to find another hand to set it adequately, at least in England. The modest catalogue of Thomas's compositions contains four concert-scenas, and a concert duet produced at the last Birmingham Festival; an anthem for soprano solo, with chorus and orchestra; a cantata, *The Sun-Worshippers*, produced at the Norwich Festival of 1881; a ballet suite played at Cambridge in 1887; some slighter orchestral works, and a large number of songs, many of which have become widely popular with the better class of singers. "Midi au Village," "Nuit de Mai," "Ma Voisine," and others to French words, have infinite grace, while "Winds in the Trees," "Heart's Fancies," and an album published not long since, contain some of the best examples of his lyric power. Perhaps the beautiful duet "Night Hymn at Sea" reaches a higher level of poetical imagination than almost any other of his works.

The terrible circumstances of his death are best left to those who delight in horrors; it is no alleviation of the grief felt by all who knew him to be informed that his mental condition had given his friends the gravest anxiety ever since the severe accident he met with some months ago. It was known, however, for some time before the tragic end, that there was little prospect of his doing any more work in the world.

#### THE WEATHER.

OUR hopes of respite from the east wind have not been realized; for, after a short spell of intermission, it has returned, but not with the same severity as it exhibited before. When we closed our last week's record, a sudden burst of warmth had come on, especially in Scotland, and on Thursday, at 8 A.M., the thermometer at Leith stood at 50°, and at Valencia Island and Parsonstown at 52°. Next morning 53° was recorded at Mullaghmore on Donegal Bay, a very high temperature for a March morning, but a change was soon to come. During that day, Friday, a genial spring air spread itself over England, and in the afternoon 63° was recorded at Cambridge, 62° at Leith and Loughborough, and 61° in London, while on the Continent it was still warmer, and 75° was attained at Biarritz. During the night of Friday the barometer over the Bay of Biscay began to fall, and as at the same time the mercury rose over these islands and the North Sea, the resulting gradient caused easterly winds to set in, and these lowered the temperature considerably. Still on Saturday Nairn read 64°, and Holyhead 63°. On Sunday night sharp frost was experienced, especially at Oxford and Cambridge, and on Monday morning the readings at these two stations, as well as at York and North Shields, were all below the freezing point. All this time the barometers in these islands were rising continuously; but on Monday a small depression formed itself over the Low Countries, and in the process brought down rain from the north-east all over the south-eastern counties of England. On Monday night it came as a heavy shower in London; on Tuesday, it was raining slightly all day long until the late evening. The amount collected in London between the two days was nearly  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch. On the east coast the measurement for Monday alone was nearly double that quantity, and at Brussels a very heavy fall was reported. This has been almost the entire amount of rain recorded during the week, if we except some sporadic falls in the Shetlands, the west of Ireland, and at Holyhead on Thursday, the 16th. We may, therefore, hope that the floods have now really got off the country. We hear of the Thames being remarkably low, so that farmers are able to get about on the land. Since Saturday we have had no return of temperatures approaching 60° having been registered at any British station except Jersey. As to sunshine during the week ending March 19, the Channel Islands headed the list. Then followed Torquay, and then the coast of Sussex, all having sunshine for more than half the possible time of sunlight.

#### CONCERT CHRONICLE.

**THURSDAY, March 10th.**—The Philharmonic Society began its eightieth season by a concert commemorative of the Mozart Centenary last December. The programme included the Overture to *Idomeneo*, the Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, the Symphony in G minor, and 5th Entr'acte from the music to *König Thamos*; while Mme. Valda sang an aria from *La Clemenza di Tito*, and the Scena "Ch'io mi scorti"—originally written for Nancy Storace—and Mr. Fry recited Mr. Joseph Bennett's depressing "Ode," upon which comment was made on the occasion of its production at the Albert Hall in December last. The orchestral numbers were all fairly well played, and the tone of the strings, as is always the case at these concerts, made considerable impression, though the general ensemble was not sufficiently good to efface the recollection of the recent admirable performances by Sir Charles Hallé's Manchester band. The solo part in the Concerto was played with care and accuracy by M. de Greef, who also played the important piano obbligato in the Scena. His style is not very interesting, and his touch is so excessively crisp as to render his tone dry and hard.

**Friday, 11th.**—The clever young pianist, Mlle. Ilona Eibenschütz, gave a recital at Princes' Hall, the programme of which was judiciously limited to six numbers, all of which, however, made great demands upon the performer. Her playing of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 109, and of Chopin's "Berceuse," was somewhat wanting in tenderness; but Brahms's very difficult variations on a Theme by Handel, two Studies by Thalberg and Rubinstein, and Schumann's "Carnaval," were given with great brilliancy of execution and breadth of style. Mlle. Eibenschütz should be on her guard against a tendency to hurry, which occasionally mars the effect of her performances. Her delivery of Schumann's "Carnaval" was remarkable; the fulness and depth of tone she produces makes her quite unique among female pianists.

**Saturday, 12th.**—Dr. Joachim's appearance at the Crystal Palace Concert was marked by the performance of Max Bruch's Third Violin Concerto, a work which Señor Sarasate played twice in London last year. Though, in many respects, Dr. Joachim's performance revealed beauties which were before unnoticed—chiefly owing to the Concerto having been composed with a view to displaying the peculiar characteristics of his style—it cannot be said that opinions as to the merits of the work are likely to be reversed. Though superior to its immediate predecessor, it is inferior in interest to the composer's first Concerto, a work in which he attained a level of excellence that he has never again reached. Dr. Joachim was heard to the greatest advantage in the Adagio, which shares with the opening movement the claim to be considered the best part of the Concerto. Later in the programme the great violinist played three movements from one of Bach's unaccompanied Suites. The Symphony was Schubert's in C, in which the Crystal Palace band is thoroughly at home, and the vocalist was Mme. Hope Glenn, who sang an Aria by Rossi and a song by Brahms.

**Monday, 14th.**—At the Monday Popular Concerts a String Quartet by Heinrich von Herzogenberg was introduced for the first time. The composer, who enjoys considerable reputation in Germany as a musician of the classical school, has hitherto been only known to frequenters of the Popular Concerts by his Sonata in A (for violin and pianoforte), which was played in 1886. The Quartet in G minor, which is numbered Opus 42, No. 3, proved a very bright, genial, and taking work, thoroughly clear in form, and, if not strikingly original, worthy of respect as an entirely honest and straightforward composition. The second and third movements, an Air with Variations and a Minuet with a well-contrasted Trio, are the best parts of the Quartet; but the whole work is well written and possesses the great merit of conciseness. The pianist was M. de Greef, who gave a correct but unpoetical reading of Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, Op. 35. The effect of the mysterious Finale, which in M. Paderewski's hands is so striking, was much spoilt by the performer's stopping at the end of the Funeral March in order to acknowledge the applause of the audience. In response to the encore, which is a foregone conclusion at these Concerts, M. de Greef played a well-known Humoresque of Grieg's. Dr. Joachim's solo was the Romance from his own Hungarian Concerto, in which he was ably accompanied by Mr. Bird. Miss Marian Mackenzie sang an expressive setting, by Signor Piatti, of Tennyson's "Far, far away," and a *soi-disant* sixteenth-century song, attributed to one Jacob Girtley—a name unknown to dictionaries and catalogues. The words are two verses of Dr. John Donne's beautiful song, "Sweetest Love, I do not goe," but the music is so essentially modern in character that it is impossible not to believe that "A. L.," whose initials appear as those of the arranger, has not had a very large share in the setting.

**Wednesday, 16th.**—The mantle of that indefatigable champion

of Liszt, the late Walter Bache, has been apparently taken up by Messrs. Anton and Frits Hartvigson, who gave a pianoforte recital, consisting entirely of works by the great pianist. The programme included the extremely ugly "Concerto Pathétique" for two pianos, besides several compositions of smaller dimensions, in which Liszt excelled as signally as he failed in his larger works. The performances apparently gave considerable satisfaction to a large audience; the playing of Mr. Anton Hartvigson—upon whose shoulders the brunt of the concert rested—was generally correct, but his style is too deficient in charm to give full effect to the delicate sentiment of such graceful effusions.—In the evening Mr. Algernon Ashton, one of the most talented of our younger composers, gave a concert of his own works. Mr. Ashton's music deserves wider recognition than it has hitherto received, for it is always characterized by a striving after the highest ideal, and by an uncompromising refusal to use any but the most legitimate means to gain his ends. In his earlier works he displayed a tendency towards diffuseness of treatment, and, though this has not altogether disappeared, the Pianoforte Trio and Quintet played last week show a marked advance in self-restraint. Both are really excellent works, and Mr. Chappell might do worse than to give one of them a hearing at the Popular Concerts. The programme also included a set of "Phantasiestücke" for violin and pianoforte, some brilliant Irish Dances for pianoforte duet, and several songs, the best of which are "Letztes Gebet" and "Frühling."—At the Westminster Orchestral Society's Concert a short Suite by Mr. Walter Wesché was performed with some success. The work is of unequal merit, the opening movement being the best, and the second movement—a cleverly constructed Scherzo—rather taking, while the Finale is trivial in its themes, and perilously vulgar in its orchestration.

*Saturday, 19th.*—The principal novelty at the Crystal Palace Concert was a new Concerto by Mr. Edward Silas, the veteran Dutch composer, who played the solo part with wonderful fire and brilliancy. The Concerto, which created a very favourable impression, is not a profound work, but it is effectively written and melodious, and altogether a very good example of the school to which the composer belongs. The performance was on the whole very good, though the effect of the last movement, an Allegro alla Spagnuola, was spoilt by the unsuccessful efforts of the member of the band entrusted with an instrument intended to represent castagnets. The programme also included Beethoven's Second Symphony, and an orchestrated version (by Hans Sitt) of Grieg's Norwegian Dances. Mme. Valda was the vocalist.—A very interesting concert given by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch at 20 Fitzroy Street deserves more detailed notice than the space at our command will allow. The programme consisted mainly of music by English composers of the sixteenth century, and was performed on viols, lute, and harpsichord. We hope to be able to notice Mr. Dolmetsch's efforts to revive old music more fully on some future occasion.

*Monday, 21st.*—The Popular Concert was the best that has taken place this season, and included admirable performances of Beethoven's last Quartet, Op. 135; Schumann's Pianoforte Trio in F major; Violin Solos by Tartini and Beethoven; and Pianoforte pieces by Chopin and Mendelssohn. The pianist was Mr. Leonard Borwick, who gave a superb performance of Mendelssohn's interesting Posthumous Prelude in B flat, Op. 104. Mr. Plunket Greene sang Schubert's "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus" and Schumann's "In der Fremde" very finely; but he was not well suited in two extremely modernized versions of Old English tunes.

*Tuesday, 22nd.*—The tenth performance, by the Bach Choir, of the Leipzig Cantor's great Mass in B minor attracted a large audience. The work is now, thanks to the Bach Choir, so familiar that it needs no comment. The magnificent choruses, with their intricate contrapuntal devices, were done full justice to, the singing of the tenors being especially good; while the frequently ungrateful solos were sung with all possible care by Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Houghton and Mills, and the important instrumental obbligati were played by Messrs. Burnett, Morrow, Barrett, Borsdorf, and Lebon.

We have received from Mr. Arthur G. Hill a letter on the subject of the notice of the second series of his work on *Medieval Organ-Cases*, which appeared in these columns last week. Mr. Hill points out that, owing to a slip of the pen, by which we wrote "Sweden" instead of "Schwerin," his book is stated to contain notices of organs in the former country. He also draws our attention to an error we made in confusing the Castle of Seckau, south of Graz, with the Abbey of Seckau or Seggau (not Sekkau) near Judenburg. The latter, according to Meurer's *Führer durch Oesterreich*, was in 1888 an Augustinian monastery, to which order the monks of Beuron belonged, as may be seen by referring to J. G. Kohl's *Die Donau*. From the Austrian *Hof- und Staats-Handbuch* for 1891, it seems, however, that the

Abbey is now occupied by the Benedictines. We gladly insert these corrections, though we cannot admit Mr. Hill's pleas for the correctness of his other statements. Ralph Dallam is indeed called "Dallans" by Burney, and also in the copy of the inscription placed on his tomb by his partner, as stated in Rimbault's *History of the Organ*. That "Dallam" was the correct form of the name has been shown in the article on Thomas Dallam in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. In the index to his book, Mr. Hill describes the family as "the Dallans." Similarly, "Luca Blasi Perugino" may be correct in an Italian work, but it is misleading in English, and the form "Luca Perugino," given in the index, is still worse. Fétis rightly notices the organ-builder under the name of Blasi. With regard to the list of old works relating to the organ, we can only repeat that, of the five named, if Mr. Hill had looked in the Catalogue of the British Museum Library, he would have found all but J. C. Trost's *Ausführliche Beschreibung des neuen Orgelwerks*. As we endeavoured to make clear, it was only the value of Mr. Hill's illustrations which made it necessary to notice the numerous slips in his letterpress. For the former we have nothing but praise, and their artistic and archaeological interest cannot be too highly rated. By their collection Mr. Hill has done service both to architecture and music, and we can only express a hope that he will continue his explorations in a much-neglected subject.

#### YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

TWO of our most flourishing settlements on the Western coast of Africa chance to have been recently engaging public attention. The Travelling Commissioner for the Colonial Office delivered an interesting address to the Geographical Society on Sierra Leone and the Upper Niger; and there are rumours of troubles with the natives at Lagos which may possibly lead to a petty war. When we speak of "flourishing" West African settlements, it is to be remembered that all epithets are comparative and must be discounted. Prosperity on those African shores and prosperity in Australasia or Canada may be metaphorically differentiated as the grimly brilliant wreath of *immortelles* on a tomb in Père-la-Chaise and the fresh burst of a fragrant bloom of violets in the spring or the blaze of a bed of roses in an English midsummer. The popular notions as to West Africa are in no way greatly exaggerated. Two questions will always suggest themselves to the intelligent inquirer. The first is, How we ever got there; and the second, Why we have persisted in remaining. The answer to the first is simple; but the solution of the second difficulty is more puzzling. We went there for an indispensable article of commerce; and, moreover, we did not realize till experience had taught us all the horrors and dangers of that deadly coast. We, and other nations, wanted slaves for tropical and semi-tropical colonies, and the traffic was doubly lucrative. The slave-traders, allowing for the losses on the middle passage, made handsome fortunes, for they bought their dusky wares for a trifle and sold them dear. And the free importation of mortal machinery which could be easily replaced enriched those American States and the islands of the West Indies which would otherwise have been left abandoned to swamp and forest. There was a good stroke of business to be done besides in gold-dust and ivory—precious commodities which were easily transported. Of course, it was not altogether philanthropy or patriotism that made men take to trading in human ebony and elephants' tusks. In former days Sierra Leone was about as rich and thriving as old Goa, which has equally fallen into decay. Second-rate merchants could afford to pay their cool, a year for very third-rate accommodation. As for the wealthier magnates, they denied themselves nothing. They made the most of the lives they knew to be terribly precarious; they kept the state of Oriental princes with their palankins and punkahs, and they lived like fighting cocks. It was a case of "lightly come by, lightly gone," and few of them lived to have families or to found families. With the suppression of the slave-trade the most lucrative of their occupations was gone; nor was that the whole of the mischief. The cruisers that captured cargoes of slaves from up-country shot them out again as so much worthless rubbish on the nearest shore; and each petty settlement was swamped with idlers who could only get a living by theft or begging. And so ever since the West African colonies have been something like a cross between the almshouse and the lazar-house. In fact, they would have been regarded as an unmitigated nuisance at the Colonial Office had they not been an invaluable means of rewarding deserving officials. A fellow who has done good work, but who has no connexions, will keep pestering Government for place or promotion. He is generously offered a deputy-governorship in Senegambia, or a secretaryship at Sierra Leone. Should he ungratefully decline the dignity, his claims are disposed of; should he accept, he is seldom heard of again. As to private individuals,



they will persevere in running factories because money is still to be made, although more slowly and precariously. There is gold in the ground-nuts as well as in the Pactolean river-sands, and it is more sure to be found in paying quantities. But it is to be remarked that wise West African capitalists nowadays do business on a big scale, and are almost invariably corporations or absentees. They get in their gains by means of self-sacrificing subordinates, and in the struggle for life in our overcrowded state of civilization agents are always to be had on wonderfully easy terms.

For, considering what life on these coasts really is under the most favourable circumstances, it is, indeed, wonderful that so many men should be found to accept moderate or miserable salaries, with no sort of definite prospects. Though we should rather say that their prospects are definite enough, as they may discover by trying to come to terms with any assurance Company. The ocean itself seems to give a friendly and seasonable warning against the disembarkation of the foolhardy white man. There are neither harbours nor sheltered anchorages; and every one of the sluggish and tortuous rivers is protected by a dangerous bar. At the best of times there is a heavy ground-swell, and not infrequently in places, for days or for weeks, landing is made impracticable by the tremendous surf. Should the crank surf-boat be tumbled over, as is often the case, the passenger is submerged amid a shoal of ground-sharks. On the shore the scenery greatly varies, but the towns that are the best built or the most picturesque are among the least salubrious. Lagos, with its respectable blocks of buildings, its wooden wharves, and its Marine Parade, is a long, narrow island surrounded by malarious lagoons. Bathurst, which is embowered in magnificent foliage, with its palms and great cotton trees coming down to the beach, is notoriously all the more deadly on that account. And Sierra Leone, the dampest and most romantic of all, is carefully built, like the pestiferous Old Calabar, where it is effectually protected from the vivifying sea-breeze. As for Elmina and Cape Coast Castle, as might have been gathered from the war correspondence during the Ashantee campaign, they are the most Heaven-forsaken of pretentious military posts. They are backed up by swamp and surrounded by dense scrub, which doubtless gives freer course than the forests to the air currents. But when the breezes touch the land they at once get tainted with poison, and the scrub is so polluted by artificial impurities that the promenades of the soldiers in garrison are limited to the bastions or the beach. Even the beach-walk at Cape Coast is bounded by promontories which have been devoted from time immemorial to the purpose of municipal refuse-heaps. As for sanitation, it is everywhere conspicuous by its absence. For many good reasons there is nothing to be done. No governor lives long enough to take an interest in his work. No governor dare court unpopularity by constraining the conservative nigger to be decent and clean. No governor can ever put his hands on any spare cash, and he knows that the home authorities will not help him. The consequence is that, in a phenomenally obnoxious climate, the earth, the air, and the water are all artificially poisoned.

The life is everywhere horrible. During the heavy rains, in beautiful Bathurst or in Sierra Leone, where nature revels in all the freshness of rich luxuriance, the reeking damp permeates everything, and everything which is not secured in soldered cases will be mildewed in twenty-four hours. When the country is being dried in the blinding sun-blaze, exhalations are drawn up from the fat, black vegetable mould, and the fevers and agues take visible shapes in the ghost-like vapours that go floating about after sundown. If you shut the windows you are stifled; if you open them the fever-fend drops in with the snakes, bats, and mosquitos. But, undoubtedly, the terrors of life on that coast culminate in that vast delta of the Niger which lies to the eastward of Lagos. Steamers run up the infernal river for some few hundred miles; but the greater part of the western delta has never yet been surveyed. It is not worth surveying. It is sparsely inhabited by savage races who, like all the Niger tribes, are notoriously cannibals, and fanatical worshippers of the most degrading fetiches. Human sacrifices are a universal institution. Elsewhere, however, on the Brass, the Bonny, and the Old Calabar rivers, the ubiquitous trader has set down his foot. The whole of the country, for leagues in all directions, is swamp, intersected by sluggish stream or stagnant creek. Even the amphibious negro cannot live altogether among the alligators in odoriferous slime. But wherever there are a few rods of solid mud on a river bank, there he has run up groups of hovels, and made clearings for pigsties and provision-grounds. Opposite some of the bigger of these villages, dignified in treaties by the name of towns, the traders live in their floating hulks. The hulk itself is often comfortably furnished, and the accommodation, so far as it goes, is spacious. But the two or three occupants have only their own dismal company, or that of their foreign rivals in an opposition vessel, with whose speech

they are unfamiliar. They may and must be bored to death, but they have no inducement to go ashore. There is no sport to be had in the impervious bush, although it swarms with ferocious carnivora and venomous creeping things. Their business communications with the bumptious native potentates, who are their purveyors and best customers, are generally strained and disagreeable. And having been seasoned by a succession of agues and fevers, their mental and bodily energy is at the lowest ebb. Their only active amusement in any case is wasting powder on the alligators, or shooting snipe, curlew, &c. When they land on the islands to pick up their game, they are as likely as not to be swallowed in quicksands, or rather in quick-mud. They dare not even bathe in the river, not only on account of the alligators, but because the ilky waters give a loathsome skin disease. Taken internally, even when boiled and filtered, they are found to produce dysentery, goitre, dropsy, and, above all, an incurable elephantiasis. Involuntary siestas help to pass the day; but these are apt to induce sleepless nights, when the only sounds that come to the ear and the throbbing brain are the splash of the water on the sides of the hulk, the scream of the hyæna, or the wail of the night bird. It need scarcely be said that the food is disgusting and insufficient, unless the men condemned to the hulks fall back upon tinned meats. It is almost inevitable that they should betake themselves to steady drinking, and, as their salaries are limited, they are driven to indulge in fresh and fiery trade rum. So that before being stitched up in a blanket and dropped over the side, or consigned to an unconsecrated grave in the jungle, there is at the least the possibility of relieving the monotony of low fevers with what the Americans call "snakes in the boots" and attacks of delirium tremens. The race of the old "Palm Oil Ruffians," who are said to have practised nameless atrocities on the natives and on their dependents with practical impunity, has died out; and that is perhaps the best that can be said in favour of recent British rule. Their successors, who are the victims of circumstances, and their own worst enemies besides, are far more to be pitied than blamed. If we sent the best of our bishops on a prolonged mission to the Oil Rivers, we suspect he would sadly deteriorate in morals and manners.

#### BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THIS has been essentially a week of "revivals." After a lengthy "run," *Godpapa* was withdrawn at the Comedy, and Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. W. Lestocq's amusing farce *Jane* took its place on Monday night. The pruning-knife has been applied with some success, and certain lines have been omitted without in the least marring the fun of the piece. Jane is certainly very droll, and now that her antecedents are kept discreetly dark, even Mrs. Grundy can have no possible fault to find with the young woman, who manages to make the audience laugh immensely and does absolutely no harm. Jane affords Mr. Brookfield, one of our cleverest actors, far better opportunities than he had in the last production for the display of his singular talent. He is quite delightful as a jealous lover, and his facial expression is a study which Lavater would have revelled in. Mr. Hawtrey, too, is in his right place, and as bland and insinuating as ever. Miss Lottie Venne finds in the heroine altogether the most successful part she has played since she made her reputation in *The Parvenu* at the Court. Mr. Wyse now takes Mr. Kemble's part, and, although he is extremely funny, he is not, as yet, anything like as finished an actor as his predecessor. But, fortunately, he has still plenty of time before him.

At the Criterion Mr. C. Wyndham has "revived" *Brighton*. Bob Sackett is one of this mercenary actor's most animated creations, and he rattles through the part with almost vertiginous spirit. In *Brighton*, too, Mr. Blakeley is at his best. Miss Moore and Miss E. Grattan play the parts of the ladies who prove such stumbling-blocks to Bob Sackett's virtuous resolutions excellently. In a word, *Brighton* is as exhilarating now as it was when first produced, we prudently decline to say how many years ago.

"Richard Henry" has supplied the early arrivers at the Gaiety this week with a very well-conceived little drama called *Queer Street*. The story is simplicity itself. A poor clerk, out of work, whose wife is at death's door, is entrusted by a neighbour, a cabman, with a bag of gold which he has found left by a "fare" in his vehicle. The poor fellow is starving and his wife is dying, and yet he resists temptation at the instance of his wife. By an ingenious and very prettily conceived device, in the end it is discovered that the gold really belongs to the clerk. The little play is charmingly written, but not sufficiently substantial in plot for two acts. It was admirably acted by Mr. G. T. Minshull, as the starving scrivener. Miss Ethel Blenheim, as the wife, was a little too lachrymose throughout, but this was rather the fault

of the play than of the actress. A word of praise is due to Mr. E. Bantock for his hearty acting as the benevolent "cabby."

On Monday night *The Trumpet Call* was played at the Adelphi for the 200th time. Of its class it is really an admirable play, full of variety, and not a little humour and pathos. Mr. Leonard Boyne, as the hero, is seen to distinct advantage. Miss Evelyn Millard and Miss Patricia Campbell, as the two heroines, act cleverly: especially the latter, who has considerable tragic power—which, however, she is apt to exaggerate.

*Hamlet*, at the Haymarket, was performed for the fiftieth time during the week. Mr. Beerbohm Tree is actively rehearsing Mr. Ogilvy's tragedy of *Hypatia*, which is a dramatization in blank verse of Kingsley's famous novel. Miss Julia Neilson will appear for the first time this season as the heroine. The scenery, which will be very elaborate, is designed by Mr. Alma Tadema, who is also taking active interest in the costuming of the piece.

This is the last week of the pantomime at Drury Lane, which will be withdrawn on Saturday next. The last nights of the triple bill at the Court are announced, and *The Magistrate* will be revived at Terry's Theatre shortly. To-night Mr. A. C. Calmour's new play, *The Breadwinner*, will be produced at the Avenue Theatre with a remarkably strong cast, including Mr. Ellwood, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Garthorne, Miss Alma Murray, Miss Marie Linden, and Miss Olga Brandon.

## REVIEWS.

### TEUFFEL'S ROMAN LITERATURE.\*

LAST year we had the pleasure of welcoming the first volume of Mr. Warr's translation of Teuffel's great work. We are now presented with the second and final volume, which embraces the Roman literature of the first eight centuries of the Christian era—a period the greater part of which is as scantily studied as it is freely generalized about, prolific in great men and great thoughts, but lying under the scholastic ban against all that is non-classical. Those of us who bound our Latinity with Juvenal and Tacitus may be helped to realize how much they lose if they will skim the summary of the contents of Teuffel's second volume. And those who possess neither energy nor curiosity to extend their knowledge will at least be thankful (the index is accurate and complete) for an opportunity of turning up everything that is authentically known—and most opinions that have been hazarded, defended, and refuted—about names of which we have an uneasy consciousness that they ought to be familiar to us. To take mild instances—matters that "every schoolboy" is supposed to know, though who forms such an hypothesis about that particular type does not appear—more cultivated men than would care to confess it will be glad to post themselves in a few details about Fronto, Prudentius, and Boethius. That the first received letters from Marcus Aurelius, that the second wrote Christian poetry, and that the third was a philosopher who got into trouble and required the *Consolatio* which he describes—this is about the average basis for the further inquiries which we recommend. To give an idea of the truly German thoroughness of Teuffel's method—not without the equally characteristic dryness, which his admiring editor calls "objectivity"—we may sketch the four-page section devoted to Boethius. We begin with a brief and almost curt general view, and of these large-type criticisms it may be said as a rule that they are not specially conspicuous for literary insight or for a sympathy more than conventional. But the author is at his ease when he comes down to his facts in small type. We start with a discussion of the orthography of the name—it should be Boethius (*Bōthios*), not the plebeian Boetius of most of the MSS. His birth, his marriage, his public life (with the documentary evidence quoted chapter and verse), his suspected entanglement in the attempt of Justinus to undermine Theodoric's throne, his rash defence of Albinus, his accusation, condemnation, and execution are duly mentioned, and then we are brought down to his literary and mental history. We are presented with contemporary compliments which he received on his learning (amongst them being *tu emendatissime hominum* from Ennodius, and *te multa eruditione saginatum* from Theodoric), and the summary of his publications appended to the latter:—

Translationibus tuis Pythagoras musicus, Ptolemæus astronomus leguntur Itali. Nicomachus arithmeticus, geometricus Euclides audiantur Ausonii. Plato theologus, Aristoteles logicus quinquaginta voce discipulant. Mechanicum etiam Archimedes Latine Siculis reddidit. Et quas-cunque disciplinas vel artes fecunda Græcia per singulos edidit viros te uno auctore patrio sermone Roma suscipit, etc.

Of the work *De Consolatione*, composed in prison, we are told it shows, though no doubt the writer professed the Christian religion, that he possessed no definitely religious views. The arguments are purely philosophical, and, though they abound

with "manifestations of the noblest thought," there is no appeal to Christian writers, no mention of Christ himself. In fact, the attitude of Boethius towards all religions alike is that of a "cultivated aristocrat," who "abstains from attacking them, but keeps them at a distance, and endeavours to find his intellectual nourishment elsewhere." Then we have the form of the work described; it is partly a dialogue, but in some respects resembles a *Satura Menippea*, since "the pure argument is often interrupted by metrical pieces in the manner of Martianus Capella." The various codices of the *De Consolatione* are enumerated and briefly described, before the other philosophical and mathematical are discussed—with a minuteness and plenitude of references which cannot be reproduced here. On the *De Sancta Trinitate* we are given the heads of the dispute as to its authenticity, together with the means of following the question up. Teuffel prefers the express statement of Cassiodorus, who includes this treatise among the works of Boethius, to the doubts raised, amongst others, by F. Nitzsch (*Die System d. B. und die ihm zugeschriebenen theologischen Schriften*, Berl. 1860). But, on the other hand, Teuffel rejects the *De Fide Catholica*, *De Unitate et Uno*, and *De Disciplina Scholarium*, attributing the last to a monk of Brabant, named Thomas, in the thirteenth century. But what is probably most valuable, because it has been done with the same accuracy and on the same comprehensive scale in no other easily accessible book of reference, is the list which Teuffel adds to his article on Boethius, and every other author here discussed, of editions, commentaries, translations, and disquisitions which have been published from the earliest time up to last year. Wherever we have been able to test the enumeration from any special knowledge we have found it either complete or omitting only what is quite unimportant.

That the book has been so well brought up to date is not due to Teuffel himself, who died in 1878, eight years after the first edition had been published; but he revised and extended it in two subsequent editions, which appeared in 1872 and in 1874. Its future development was left in the hands of Dr. Ludwig Schwabe, who corrected and greatly increased the original text before he issued it in its new form ten years ago, adopting the wise, bold, and convenient plan of incorporating his own labours in those of his predecessor, instead of asserting his individuality by recording his own researches in separate notes and appendices. This process has been carried yet further in the 1890 edition, but always maintaining the strict chronological order that Teuffel insisted on. Rightly, we think; though Dr. Schwabe is said to believe that this is not the best method for "elucidating the general movement of literature and the interdependence of its various branches." But such an object lies outside the scope of Teuffel's work, and would have required a real critic, which Teuffel hardly was; nor could his work, unless it were changed beyond recognition, be treated as the basis of a "philosophy" of Roman literature. He could accumulate, arrange, and test facts—not so common a faculty that we need despise it, or seek to "elevate" it by turning it to tasks for which it is not suited. His *History of Roman Literature*, whatever modifications it may undergo—and there is no apparent reason why it should ever be altogether superseded—will always remain a book of reference. Human nature could not sit down to read it, even in Germany. The English translation, which appeared in 1873, was done by the late Dr. William Wagner from the second German edition, and it has been to a great extent followed in the present version by Mr. Warr, which is made from the fifth edition. Wherever it has been examined it fulfils his modest hope that it will be found "idiomatic and readable." In their present form these two volumes are indispensable to every scholar and everybody who wishes to become or would like to be thought one.

The part that most readers will, perhaps, like least consists of the introductory paragraphs to the second volume—a "general," and therefore misleading, view of the Silver Age. The author is dilating on the effects of a debased despotism on the literature of the period:—

Forced carefully to hide nature, men relapsed into artificial and unnatural ways. Constantly watched by spies, or at least thinking themselves to be watched, they always felt as if they were on the stage; they calculated what impressions their conduct would produce on their contemporaries and posterity; they adapted themselves to certain parts, and studied theatrical attitudes; they declaimed instead of speaking, just as they took to writing because they were precluded from acting. The greater the effort of an individual not to sink in these difficult times, the greater was he in his own estimation; a certain vanity attaches to all the characters of the age in question, and this was fed by the public declarations, which had no other purpose but that of exhibiting personal accomplishments and fostering mutual admiration. The uncertainty of existence and possession, the continual apprehension in which men lived, caused a restless versatility, a morbid irritability and hurry which were always afraid of beginning too late, and eagerly made the most of the moment, whether in the pursuit of sensual pleasure, or in passionate strivings for literary immortality.

This is good writing, we admit, but of the College Essay order. And though it is more or less supported by the duly appended citations of contemporary grumbings, it is neither sound nor specious. But we come to better, because a trifle less sweeping, criticism a little lower down. Teuffel remarks that, according to the general character of the age, "natural composition had become to be considered insipid," and the aim of language was to be "brilliant, piquant, and interesting." Hence the antique roughness of Senecca or the artificial obscurity of Persius; the epigrammatic conceits of Tacitus or the Younger Pliny or the

\* Teuffel's *History of Roman Literature*. Revised and Enlarged by Ludwig Schwabe. Authorized Translation from the fifth German edition by George C. W. Warr, M.A., ex-Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. Vol. II. The Imperial Period. London: Bell & Sons. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.



glaring colours of Juvenal. Mannerism, in fact, had supplanted style:—

It is true that, under Vespasian, some became aware of having sunk into utter unreality, and intentionally endeavoured to regain the simplicity of thought and the rounded phraseology peculiar to the Ciceronian age. Writers of this kind were Julius Secundus, Vipstianus Messalla, Curiatius Maturnus, and especially Quintilian. But this example was so little in harmony with the general tendency of the age that it produced no further effect, and they themselves fell short of their own standard. Tacitus abandoned this method after a single attempt, and Pliny the Younger managed to combine florid phraseology with glittering antithesis. Most writers thought the style of their age to be a step in advance, and looked down upon the pre-Augustan writers as uncouth. When Augustan authors were imitated, the writers fell into exaggeration; this was the case where Curtius imitated Livy, Persius Horace, and Valerius Flaccus Vergil. The victory of the modern over the antique element was complete in literature. Only in circles which had no literary importance did the old school exist for some time longer, occasionally protesting against the modern refinements; only technical writers, however, such as Celsus and Columella and the Jurists succeeded in keeping free of these.

Rhetoric and declamation governed the whole century in prose as well as in poetry; but rhetoric itself degenerated into petty pedantry and hair-splitting. Literary facility was widely spread, while the metrical laws created by the Augustan age were carefully observed, and even made more stringent. But the intuitive sense of form was on the wane. The forms of poetry were applied to every sort of subject, poetry was mixed with prose, the different styles were intermingled, synonyms lost their distinct use, the dictionary was disgraced with the births of arbitrary fancy; some particles were actually discarded with the relaxed forms of construction, and some were quite diverted from their original meaning. Thus its peculiar colouring was imparted to the so-called silver Latinity.

After these sternly enunciated principles we are a little surprised to find what gentle treatment is meted out to "that child of his age," Apuleius of Madaura. Utterly uncritical, we are told he was, wildly fantastic, vain and conceited, and devoid of taste in his diction, which was a medley of all periods and styles. But his vivacity and facility of production are duly recognized, and he is awarded "a prominent place among the writers of the second century." But Teuffel is very severe to Sidonius Apollinaris, "the most gifted representative of the Gallo-Roman literature of his period, with its clever and ambitious style, its poverty of thought, and its jingling phraseology." His poetical panegyrics were artificially padded with the help of mythology and erudition, and composed in conventional language after a rhetorical scheme. His letters, again, portray the weak, good-natured, and vain character of the writer as well as his overloaded and involved style. There is enough justice in these criticisms to make them damaging. The detached mind with which Teuffel appears to contemplate matters of faith makes his opinion of St. Augustine interesting. It deserves to be quoted:—

Augustine's character combined qualities seemingly opposite; an exuberant imagination and penetrating acumen, passionate impulsiveness and affectionate tenderness, large-heartedness and intolerance, a blind belief in authority and originality of thought, zealotry where the unity of the Church was at stake, and deeply personal piety, romanticism and scholasticism, enthusiasm and sophistry, poetical along with philosophical talent, rhetorical paths along with the grammarian's pedantry. Himself a psychological enigma, and drawn into errors by his hot blood, Augustine was absorbed in the mysteries of the soul's life, and he brought back dogmatic Christianity, which the Eastern theologians had buried in sterile quibbles in theological and christological questions, to the study of man, to the observation of his inner being, and the means of his redemption and sanctification. Owing to this double aspect of his nature, Augustine's writings now are devoted to introspection or absorbed in deep spiritual contemplation of the Deity; now, again, they expatiate in the field of doctrine and combat heterodox opinions with inexorable logic, and sometimes also with sophistical subtlety. To the first class belong his Confessions; to the second his letters, sermons, dogmatic and exegetical treatises, and his polemical writings. The diction of Augustine is likewise uneven; mostly overflorid and verbose, but not infrequently logical and precise. Among his best works we place the twenty-two books on the Kingdom of God (*De Civitate Dei*), a work containing a great wealth of materials.

A work containing a great wealth of materials! In what better terms may we sum up the very dissimilar monument of a life's work which Teuffel has bequeathed to an admiring posterity?

#### NOVELS.\*

**I**N *Holy Wedlock* Mr. C. T. C. James has written a brilliant book. The story is a sort of Impressionist study of one side of modern life. The canvas is small, but the observation and accuracy with which it is painted are beyond praise, and every character is made to lend up to the central idea. The cast, if we may borrow an expression from the theatre,

\* *Holy Wedlock: a Story of Things as they are.* By Charles T. C. James. 1 vol. London: Ward & Downey.

*In Tent and Bungalow.* By an Idle Exile. 1 vol. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

*The Letter of the Law.* By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. 1 vol. London: Henry & Co.

*The Duchess of Powysland.* By Grant Allen. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

*A Spinster's Diary.* By Mrs. A. Phillips. 1 vol. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

*Countess Erika's Apprenticeship.* By Ossip Schubin. Translated from the German by Mrs. A. L. Wister. 1 vol. London: J. B. Lippincott. 1892.

*Pretty Michal.* By Maurice Jokai. Freely translated by R. Nisbet Bain. 1 vol. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

is capably balanced, so as to bring out in strong relief the doctrine which Mr. James wishes to impress on us. But while the characters are all kept in due perspective, every one of them is carefully analysed and worked out individually, so that each one seems to be taken straight out of life and by a few bold strokes made into a living and breathing entity. George Aubrey, the hero, if there can be a hero in the novelist's sense in such a perfect study from the life as *Holy Wedlock*, is portrayed with fidelity as a good-natured, well-bred, rather weak man, with good instincts in him which circumstances have combined to keep dormant till at last they have lost the power to curb his passions or inclinations, even when he himself fancies that they are braced for the trial. Flo' Ruby, the heroine, is a charmingly delicate yet strong picture of a good woman spoiled. Miss McClick and Miss Hemington, the canting Calvinist; Mrs. Aubrey, the cold, jealous wife, and Maud Elsey, "sacrificed on the altar of desecration to thirty thousand a year"—each one is so vivid and real that, after reading the book, we love or loathe them as if they were living people with whom we have been brought in contact. The story itself is charmingly told, though the ending is sad; but Mr. James is an artist and does not attempt to shirk what is psychologically inevitable. The only point in which we think he has made a mistake is in placing the death of "the Ruby" on the stage. It has a savour of melodrama in it. But this is, after all, a comparatively slight point. The style is pleasant, often brilliant, and the whole get up of the book eminently creditable.

Many foolish persons have maintained that anybody can write a story who has an undiscovered country to describe, and knows what he is describing. To these Mr. Kipling's art is a thing compounded of an observant eye for Indian scenery and Indian Immorals, to coin an expression, seasoned with a few words of the vernacular flung in, in italics, to lend variety to the text. Artistically the author has throughout fallen into the strange blunder of attempting to engraft on realistic descriptions melodramatic little tales rounded off carefully to fit their frame. The stories are neither one thing nor the other. They are not pieces of actual life torn, as it were, ragged from the world of everyday existence in a strange country, nor are they quite the ordinary little idealized sketches of love and death, marrying and giving in marriage. They fall somewhere between the two. They are often broad in theme without being impressive, often sentimental in tone and yet not sweet. We have taken studious care to be as little harsh to *In Tent and Bungalow* as may be, for its intentions seem to be excellent. Nevertheless, we cannot help thinking that if the author prefers to write in the first person and publish a collection of tales dealing mainly with one country and one set in that country, there should be a certain unity discernible in that personality. But here we meet our author as a subaltern in the Twenty-Oneth, then as a wandering gentleman of means, then as an officer in charge of a baggage-guard. So far we bear up and merely try to rationalize on this wise. He was a wandering gentleman of means, he then, grown miraculously young, became a subaltern in the Twenty-Oneth, then he rose to be in charge of a baggage-guard, doubtless by merit. But at this stage he changes his sex and becomes a girl, whose fortunes we follow till she marries the inevitable officer and migrates to India's coral strand, and a female he remains till the end of the book and we rationalize in vain. But perhaps it is not fair to quarrel with the author's multiplex personality. He is able to be equally tedious in all his guises—*formam non animam mutat*, to adapt Horace. Fortunately he is mercifully brief.

The "Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour" seems not to intend to confine itself to either the witty or the humorous, or even to a combination of the two. At least, wit and humour do not strike one as the predominant traits in Sir Herbert Maxwell's rather gruesome romance. The book is clever, the character-sketching of the central figure, a rather headstrong young woman, distinctly good, and throughout the story is readable—that is to say, it is not the sort of novel one flings into a corner in favour of the leaders in the *Times*. The style is not merely good but at times even brilliant, and, as everybody knows, in a novel an epigram will often light up a whole chapter. The book fails, we think, in the plot. A romance whose central incident is founded on a technical point in Scotch marriage law starts heavily handicapped. That convenient abstraction, the average reader, who knows so little about most things, plumes himself that, at least on the subject of matrimony, he is beyond being "stumped"; but even he finds his omniscience on his one subject stop short with the Tweed, leaving Scotch law to darkness and to Sir Herbert Maxwell. If, however, we agree to tolerate the central incident, we still have to bear with an Irish landlord frequently in liquor—an aristocratic proclivity inherited from his ancestors—a discontented peasantry, who stretch a rope across the road at night as that gentleman is riding home, and, having thus succeeded in throwing down man and horse, shoot him from behind, wounding him mortally, to disappear under the aegis of "the League." We have not even the edifying pleasure of seeing these wretches swing for their sins; and so the book ends with a second and more satisfactory matrimonial experiment for the heroine. One or two astounding facts—or fancies—are impressed on us by way of moral—to wit, that, if your husband has estates in a disturbed part of Ireland, where no one pays his rent, it is very right, and your bounden duty, to furnish up the house (in Erse the castle), and live there among your own people. That if you do so your husband will be duly stalked and shot in the back; but, if you

marry a fresh one, and still keep up your determination not to countenance that eighth deadly sin, absenteeism, knock off all arrears from your tenants' shoulders, and accept purely nominal rents for the future, you will ultimately find yourself surrounded by a smiling and contented peasantry. The thing can be done on an independent income of seven thousand a year from external sources; so you'd better do it. It is a pleasing prospect; but, whether you carry it out or not should depend mainly, we should think, on your relations with your first and, so to speak, sacrificial husband, who is to die in the cause.

In Mr. Grant Allen's new novel we are transported, for three brief volumes, to a new earth, where most strange notions prevail. Not that this is intentional; for we believe *The Duchess of Poyrland* is supposed to move in the everydayness of this nineteenth century by her distinguished author. Still it is all very strange indeed, and we are grieved to add, in somewhat doubtful taste. We cannot approve of a novel whose central incident is obviously taken from a comparatively recent *cause célèbre*, and when the fair Duchess therein is accused of poisoning her husband, and we have a full account of the trial set before us, we involuntarily find ourselves longing for a little decent semblance of originality and the alteration of a few more details. But let us leave the plot, and turn to the new world that is set before us. It is a land where your landlady, Miss Linda Figgins, is a lady born, and, yet more wonderful, "takes up the breakfast-things with perfect dignity," "walks up in a frank but stately way to hand a letter," and looks "competent to rule a household well or to deliberate seriously on the affairs of a nation" without however ceasing to be a perfect servant. She is wildly in love—but always on a footing of absolute equality—with one of her lodgers, a young man in a Government office, who, remembering perhaps the Table of forbidden degrees which says "Thou shalt not marry thy landlady," does not fully appreciate the honour done him and declines to contemplate matrimony. The other lodger, a briefless barrister of irreproachable blood, and apparently brains, contemplates it only too ardently, and in the end is made happy, but only after his quondam-domestic has made her pile in America, married a duke, and risen generally quite groundlessly, of course, in the estimation of this wicked world. Strange indeed is a young man "in Society," who, we hope, will never get there in this mundane sphere, for never has it been our privilege to contemplate a more superlative cad. Lastly, when Miss Venables asks "Who did he marry?" because "she was too unaffected to say primly 'whom,' as some purists would have wished her to do," we positively gasp. Why is it less "prim" to say "who" than "whom"? and who are these despised "purists" whose use of the latter is so inexplicably offensive to Mr. Grant Allen, though ninety-nine hundredths of ordinarily well-educated people use it daily throughout the year? We even note that the peerless Miss Venables herself more than once slips into the prim solecism of an accusative after the verb. Altogether the various theories, social, grammatical, and concerning good breeding, advanced in these three volumes comprise some of the most astounding utterances in contemporary fiction.

It is difficult to say exactly what are the qualities which make Mrs. A. Phillips's new novel, *The Spinster's Diary*, so essentially readable. The characters are somewhat commonplace, the situations by no means striking, and that dreadful being, the male hypnotist, infests its pages. The solution seems to be that Mrs. Phillips has the art of describing with skill the joys and sorrows of the matter-of-fact people who comprise nine-tenths of the inhabitants of this planet. She knows to what extent the average female mind is stirred by its trifling troubles or its small pleasures, and can estimate the ripple produced by a promising flirtation or the equal resulting from an ill-cooked dinner with equal precision. The weak point is the hypnotist, and, in fact, novelists may take it for granted that he will always be a weak point in any future romance in which he figures. He has lost his freshness and become a bore, and we wish him, considered as a subject for fiction, dead and buried beyond possibility of resurrection. The style of the book is pleasant on the whole, though the metaphors are sometimes a little "mixed," as thus:—"If I were to attempt to organize a train of thought to its logical end, the imp of a bird would just flap its wings in my face and say, 'Don't you wish you may catch me?'" Which is the bird? and might not any bird be expected to flap its wings in your face if you attempted to "organize it to its logical end"?

The author of *Countess Erika's Apprenticeship*, in a preface so buoyant as to read like an after-dinner speech, expresses elation at the thought that one of his works has been pirated in San Francisco. This might be thought merely to denote the modesty of his literary aspirations, but is really meant as a prelude to a handsome, if somewhat confused, eulogy on American art and literature. But we will not judge Herr Schubert by his preface. Suffice it that to emulate American Modernism is his aim, and for the first eighty-six pages *Countess Erika's Apprenticeship* is, we might almost say, offensively modern, or even modernly offensive. But at this point the manner changes. We lay aside, at least partially, those valuable qualities of "vividness," "directness," and so on, and return to the lower walks of ordinary decent romancing. But though we desert the attractive paths of grossness, we do not become conspicuously interested. The book is fairly translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister from the German original.

*Pretty Michal*, a free translation, as we are informed on the

title-page, of Maurice Jokai's romance *A Szép Michal*, is a work of a very different calibre. From Herr Schubert's peculiarly offensive modernity we turn with relief to the rough-and-ready seventeenth century, where we are at least delivered from mawkishness. The book is exceedingly carefully written, so as to call up before us a complete picture of the ideas and the life of those old days in Hungary, and evidently much patient research has been expended on making that picture as accurate and vivid as possible. Naturally the result is a somewhat grim tale, for the age is a rough and a cruel one, barbarous in its superstitions, savage in its crimes and their punishments. The terrible details of Michal's life in the executioner's house, the complications arising from the extraordinary marriage laws of the country, the means by which her husband is compelled to adopt his father's hideous trade, the machinations of the witch-woman, Red Barbara, who, while protecting, strives to corrupt her, are too full of horror to be exactly pleasant reading; but they are instinct with life, quivering with actuality, to borrow a hideous modern phrase. Even the quieter times that follow, the few brighter years in which the heroine finds a refuge with Valentine Kalondai, the man whom she really loved, and from whom her father had torn her, are brooded over by the heavy cloud of danger always hanging over the pair. We are struck throughout the book by the simplicity of the mental and moral notions involved. In fact, it is part of the high art of the story that the author has kept the whole atmosphere free from the complexity, the subtle motives, of a later and more sophisticated age. Altogether Maurice Jokai's novel is a book to be read, if not by children, at least, by stronger minds. It is pleasantly translated by R. Nisbet Bain.

#### LORD LYTTON'S POEMS.\*

LADY LYTTON'S preface to the posthumous volume of poems by "Owen Meredith" tells us that the lyrical poems now published under the title *Marah* were written in leisure hours. According to the preface, the poet's idea was to keep a consecutive gamut of the deepest and highest feeling, and the preface is justified by the book. The volume runs the whole scale of the emotional chord of love, and runs it with extraordinary insight and dexterity. For the rest, Lord Lytton had, like his father, a strange sympathy with the weird in fact and fiction. For instance, here is an extract from a strange and entrancing poem entitled "Saturnalia":—

"My waking self sinks from me. In its place  
There comes a sense of preternatural force  
Freed from thought's timid tyranny. The chase  
Begins. The phantom bugles blow. To horse!  
I mount the Nightmare. Fleet thro' time and space  
Speeds our wild course!"

"Where are we hurrying, they and I? And they,  
Who are they? We shall find each other out  
As we go on, perhaps, and by the way  
Discover also what we are about.  
Heavens! Is it you? How came you here astray  
In such a rout?"

Another note is struck, and gives forth a sound of no uncertain meaning nor beauty, in one of the shorter poems, happily called "Investiture":—

"Kingdomless? No! For infinite  
The kingdom is, thro' thee made mine;  
And there I reign by royal right  
Sole lord of regions all divine.

"Nor kingless thou, whose monarch crown'd  
And robed am I, in realms afar,  
Fairer than all that here are found  
On earth. For not of earth they are."

It has seemed well to quote this particular poem because, apart from the beauty and insight of its idea, it shows specially the perfection of form with which Lord Lytton could at will clothe his conceptions. In other parts of this volume, as elsewhere, he gives a rein, to the thinking of some critics too free, to license of rhyme, if not of rhythm. But a poet—and no one possessed of a heart and brain can doubt that Lord Lytton was a poet—may surely at times take his own way with the material that he desires to shape into enduring form. A man who writes with conviction and passion need not be too strictly bound by rules which are in a sense artificial. There is a story of a pupil at a great University who showed up a copy of *Alcaics* to his "Coach," which "Coach" found great fault with on unorthodox line. The pupil replied to this fault-finding, "I can find you six instances of it in Horace." Thereto the "Coach"—a fine scholar—rejoined, "I know you can, but you mustn't write like Horace." In that case the rejoinder was no doubt just; but it does not follow from that justice that a real poet—not a mere maker of verses for practice—is to be trammelled always by conventional forms. We do not by this mean that many "faults"

\* *Marah*. By "Owen Meredith." London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.



are to be discovered in *Marah*; but that where such faults occur it is to be remembered that the writer knew perfectly well what rules he was breaking, and preferred the white heat of his first impression to the colder consideration which might have altered here a line and there a syllable.

For many readers an interest as singular as touching will attach to the last poem in *Marah*, and as to this one cannot do better than quote again from Lady Lytton's preface:—"There was a poem originally included in the first part which he did not think good enough, and had made up his mind to omit. The last days of his life were spent, as if in haste, in the composition of another, to take its place. This was never finished, but I give the fragment at the end of the volume as I found it by his bedside, with the ink hardly dry upon the paper." Well—the "fragment" is full of meaning and suggestion, and is perfectly framed, so far as it goes. It is hardly fair in one sense to make an extract from a necessarily unfinished poem, and yet one is tempted to quote the opening lines, if only to show how keen a sense, not only for poetry, but also for the form and pressure of poetry, possessed Lord Lytton even in his last illness. Here then is the passage which begins this untitled poem:—

"I had not thought that severance from her side  
Aught but a bitter pang could ever be;  
Yet this—the first time flowing seas divide  
My days from hers, since that great day when we  
To one another all at once became,  
The sole man I, and the sole woman she,  
Of a new world where nothing is the same  
As in the world that was—ev'n separation  
Reveals an unanticipated bliss,  
And all its pains find more than compensation  
In our completer intercourse. It is  
That for the first time also we can write  
Each to the other now without restraint  
Or insecurity."

Again, Lord Lytton's genius was variant, as in a different way was his father's; and he was good at epigram, as he was at "a passionate speech." Here is an instance of the epigrammatic faculty, not perhaps the best in the book, but convenient as an illustration:—

#### MARAH'S DOWER.

"Two Muses Marah's dower supply,  
And each a gift bestows:  
For all her looks are Poetry,  
And all her feelings Prose."

To go to an absolutely different phase of Lord Lytton's poetry one can scarce do better than refer to the fantastic horror and power of "Somnium Belluinum," which is akin in thought to "Saturnalia," already quoted. From this we select the two last stanzas as a specimen of Lord Lytton's force in the Edgar Poe and Fitzjames O'Brien line:—

"And the green Gryphons yelp'd: and, like murderous priests,  
In pursuit of me fast, as I fled them,  
Came the two-legged Dogs and Cat-countenanced Beasts,  
With the Ape-headed Horrors that led them.

"And the Birds and the Basilisks madden'd the air  
With a horrible screeching and hissing:  
Till at last I awoke with a clutch of despair  
At my heart. But too late! It was missing."

Were space unbounded, one would like to go on and to quote, as against this weirdness, yet more of the many tender passages to be found in *Marah*. But it is time to make an end. The world has lost in Lord Lytton—we do not here consider his political position—a very real poet. A man who knew life from the inside and from the outside. A man whom no one who had any literary feeling could help admiring. And nothing can more fitly close this article than a quotation of the last stanza of his "Epilogue" in *Marah*:—

"The Now is an atom of sand,  
And the Near is a perishing clod:  
But Afar is as Faery Land,  
And Beyond is the bosom of God."

#### BEHAR PROVERBS.\*

MR. GRIERSON of the Bengal Civil Service is the author of one good work on the various Hindi dialects prevalent in the Province of Behar, and of another about peasant life in the same province. Following in his footsteps Mr. Christian has taken up the subject of Behar Proverbs, and we might say has completed a series of books likely to be useful to district officers

\* *Behar Proverbs*. Classified and Arranged according to their Subject-matter, and Translated into English, with Notes illustrating the social popular Superstition and everyday Life of the People, and giving the Tales and Folk-lore on which they are founded; with an Appendix and two Indexes, giving the Subject of each Proverb in English and the important words in Hindi. By John Christian. London: Kegan Paul, Tranch, Trübner, & Co.

in that province, were it not that in India new subjects or old ones under new aspects are always turning up. In his introduction Mr. Christian discusses the uses, value, and peculiarities of such proverbs. With his comments we entirely agree. Proverbs are the salt of language. They help us to understand the character, aims, likes and dislikes, of a rustic population. They disseminate wholesome truths; they are generally sharp and pithy; often humorous; and rarely uninteresting. But they are occasionally difficult of interpretation and require the aid of the scholiast to make the text clear. Mr. Christian has given each proverb in the English as well as in the Hindi character, which, as every Oriental scholar is aware, is the same as the Devanagari or Sanskrit. A tempting field of discussion is opened by the fact that other Indian vernaculars, equally derived from the same parent language, have adopted a written character of their own. Such are the Bengali, the Uriya, and the Guzaratti languages. Marathi, like Hindi, has adhered to the old, original form, and has thus removed one stumbling-block from the student's path. Mr. Christian has been somewhat perplexed as to the arrangement and classification of his work, and discarding the alphabetical order, he has grouped the proverbs according to their subject-matter. One division relates to human follies and failings; a second to worldly wisdom; a third to morality and religion; a fourth to caste and its rules; and a fifth to agriculture. We confess that it is sometimes very difficult to draw the line between one subject and another. Rain, heat, and climate, as affecting the crops, are sufficiently distinct. So are sly hits at caste, which is not always treated with reverence. But we have been puzzled to know why one saying should be thought to illustrate a vice or failing only, and why it should not exemplify the shrewdness and wisdom of a Kurmi or a Nuniya; *catus, quantumvis rusticus*. However, in such a work, any classification is far better than a mere jumble of good sayings, heaped together without any attempt to discriminate and subdivide. Philologically this collection has a value of which the author is, no doubt, conscious, though he does not dilate on it. A large proportion of the verbs and nouns come straight from the Sanskrit, or from its more colloquial form, the Prakrit. The conclusion is irresistible that, at some distant epoch or other, the parent of so many Indian dialects must have been not only the language spoken by kings and poets, but that of the mass of the people. On no other hypothesis can it be explained how words that must have been used by Vikramaditya and Kalidasa became, when distorted and shorn of their just proportions, parts of the speech of pastoral and semi-Hinduized castes. A good many words are what is termed Hindi or local, which is as much as to say that their origin is uncertain. The proportion of Persian and Arabic terms in these proverbs is very small. Meanings have to be extracted from several of the proverbs without much adherence to the rules of grammar, and occasionally in defiance of the Pandits' syntax. Sometimes the saying is like a conundrum. At another it is susceptible of two interpretations. Now and then we are thankful for any meaning at all. Students will not fail to note that one negative often serves for two nouns or two illustrations; of which out of many examples we select the following:—

Uddi and Bhan are two unlucky oxen that plough together in the same yoke, and their miserable condition is thus expressed:—

In ka ponch sa un ka kân;

that is, of the one there is no tail and of the other there is no ear. Again,

Nak na kân  
Bali ke armân.

A woman has neither nose (*nak*) nor ear (*kân*), and yet she is always hankering after earrings. In the first line we might look for *na nak na kân*, but one negative suffices. Those conversant with the vernacular of Central and Lower Bengal may be surprised to find that the future and the past tenses of Hindi verbs in Behar are, if not borrowed from Bengali grammar, substantially one and the same with those conjugations of the verb in this language.

Various local sages are credited with several of the proverbs. Ghâgh, we are told, or his clever daughter-in-law says this; and Bhaduri warns you of that, and the wife of Ghura thinks only of painting her forehead with vermilion, while all the other villagers are absconding; whether from famine, an epidemic, or the oppression of the Zamindar, is not divulged. Many of the proverbs are, as Macaulay said of Roman satire, local and genuine, and full of "native sap." But one and one only, as far as we can discover, is as old as the *Hitopadesa*. The *renu* or castor-oil plant is to be looked upon as a big tree in a treeless country, just as a small hillock is raised to the dignity of a mountain in a level (or democratic) country. In the parent language this saying appears in the following guise:—"In a country devoid of trees even the castor-oil plant, *drumâyâté*, plays the part of a *druma* or tree." One or two of the proverbs are to be found in Oriental works, the writers of which in all probability did not invent, but took them from the village talk. "Has a frog got a cold?" is asked by one of the characters in the *Bagh-o-Bihar*, thus intimating scorn of another man who is used to anything, and yet pretends he can stand it no longer. The saying *kis bîrte par tatta pani* is also to be found in the same excellent story-book, but Mr. Christian explains it as the satirical remark of a wife to her husband, who has done her no service, and yet expects to have his feet washed on his return home. "For what service or favour done to me do you expect me to wash your feet?" Some

native scholars, on the other hand, say that it only means "Of what power or degree of warmth do you wish for your water?"

Where there is so much valuable folk-lore, and space is limited, it is difficult to quote any one saying without a dim apprehension that a better choice might have been made. But the following are samples of a life with which Baboos are probably less familiar than they are with the cant and quackery of the platform. Some stock subjects never grow old. The mother-in-law comes in for a full share of dislike and ridicule; the husband's sister is a thorn in the side of the wife. It is curious that the remarriage of widows is contemplated in the saying that as rain may be foretold if the west wind blows in August and September, and if clouds fly with the swiftness of the black partridge, so you may discover from a chatty and smiling widow that she is bent on marrying again. A never-failing butt is the *Jolha*, or Muhammadan weaver; a different artisan altogether from the *Tanti* or skilful Hindu who weaves. The *Jolha*, with a vessel full of rice only, is as proud as a king. He goes to his spiritual guide in order to be excused fasting, but he is directed to pray five times a day like a devout Muhammadan. He is wont at the solemn festival of the Id to drink toddy and indulge in uproarious merriment to a degree that would shock an Archdeacon. He sows sugar-cane in his garden, brings home the top of the cane instead of the stem to his wife, and varies this next year by taking for himself the stem only of the maize. He loses his way in a crop of linseed which he mistakes for water. He begins to cut grass at sunset, when the very crows are going to roost. His promises are fragile, and he gets the worst of it in a battle with a frog. A Muhammadan must have formulated the saying that what is written by Musa (Moses) only God can read. But this is applied to the intemperate scratches of a bad writer. Counting chickens before they are hatched is expressed in Behar by an illustration from the jack fruit. It is yet ungathered on the tree, and the Ryot is already applying oil to his lips to prevent the gluten sticking to them. Those who neglect the worship of deceased ancestors are said to eat five mouthfuls before they think of Gods and Manes. An inattentive or very dull man listens to the whole story of the Ramayana, and at its conclusion asks who was the husband of Sita. When camels have been washed away in a flood, it is sheer impertinence of the donkey to ask the depth of the water. A Brahman who officiates at the *Hom*, or casting of clarified butter into the sacred fire, is not likely to be sparing of the pots and ghi of his employer. Women's rights are asserted in the saying that no man proclaims his own defeat or the beating which he has received from his wife. The self-asserting person is one who dances, jumps, and sings loudly, and he is always thought much of in this world. The three most careless people in the universe are the tailor, the barber, and the washerman, and the last tears and bangs every one's clothes except his own. In a comparison of various castes, the washerman is better than a Kayath (writer), because the former can reckon without pen and paper, while the latter is helpless without his pen; a goldsmith is superior to a Thag or deceiver, because he cheats you under the cover of his art. A dog is better than a deity, because the animal is faithful to man, and a deity always expects prayers and offerings. And a jackal is preferable to a Pandit, because this learned person can foretell nothing without his books, while the cry of the jackal—on the left or right hand, as the case may be—is an omen that never fails. So at least said the Thugs whom we have put down, and who thought that the most heinous offences in the world were the slaughter of a partridge and the breaking of a vow made to Kali. Tari or toddy, it is grievous to say, is as necessary for the happiness of a Muhammadan as mango fruit for a Brahman. That you should never start on a journey, and "loosen the frail bark" to cross a stream, in company with a black Brahman or a white Chamar, has already been told us by the late Sir H. Elliot in his excellent *Glossary of Indian Terms for the North-West Provinces of India*. The high-caste Aryan brother should not be swarthy. The leather-cutter who works in the hot sun may be nearly as black as a negro. In the practical and hard view of duty it is said that if the dogs take to pilgrimage and go to Benares, who will be left to deal with pots and pans? In other words, if all become devout and pious, how is the common work of life to be done?

Proverbs about agriculture occupy more than twenty pages. We should be sorry to pledge ourselves to minute rules for sowing rice in one particular fortnight and millet in another, and it will hardly do for the Secretary in the Agricultural Department to rely confidently on prophecies that the toddy palm will be ruined by rain in May—when there is usually rain and thunder—or beans and sesamum by wet in October, when good showers are always desirable for the late rice and the winter crop of the high lands. But there is a wholesome sound in the precepts which tell the Ryot to be early with the preparation of his fields, to plant Pipal and Bel trees for shade or fruit, to treat a blind cow with kindness, to thresh his grain in the open, and store it betimes in the barn; and although members of the Congress and other superior persons may be ready to invent national grievances, and to propound absurd remedies for famine and the density of the population, it is quite certain that in five hundred proverbs there is not the smallest evidence of a wish for popular representation, or of a desire to look to any one for redress and protection except to the English Commissioner and the Magistrate.

### THREE MILITARY BOOKS.\*

THE book about the Volunteer force which is before us is made up of the three essays which gained the premiums of 100*l.*, 50*l.*, and 25*l.*, offered by the West of Scotland Tactical Society in the beginning of 1890 as prizes in an open competition, started with a view to getting together the best opinions in the country as to how the condition of matters might be altered or amended, so as to improve the Volunteer force as a whole. To these are also added the next seven in order of merit. Thus every shade of opinion finds representation. The award which gave the first prize to Captain Carteret Carey, H.L.I., will, we think, be endorsed by all who have devoted thought to the subject; for to him belongs the especial merit of not having too far opened his mouth, and of having restrained his suggestions within such limits as make them likely to be acted upon. Discipline, and especially fire-discipline, forms the keynote of his theme, and he rightly insists on a preparation for war and its eventualities forming the basis of the Volunteer's training. It is fascinating to play with *corps d'armée*, to imagine foes by the hundred thousand in the country, and to build your scheme of resistance sufficiently solidly and largely to render it capable of withstanding such massive combinations. No doubt, to attain ideal excellence we should place our preparations on such a basis, and should provide our Volunteer army with all the adjuncts and paraphernalia, both in *personnel* and *matériel*, which are proportionate to the numbers of riflemen we can place in line. We should provide and educate efficient officers, legislate for capable commanders, and, in short, organize our Volunteer army as the armies of the Continent are organized. To argue that the improvement necessary can be thus effected is to beg the question. No one denies that this is the case, yet every one but an enthusiast will admit that, while even our regular army corps are incomplete, it is idle to hope to see our second line and third line as ready to take the field as are the Landwehr, or even the Landsturm. It is more effective, if less exhilarating, to take a less ambitious flight, and to endeavour to show how the best may be made of what is, rather than what should and could be accomplished under more favourable conditions.

Captain Carey keeps well within practical politics all through, and his ideas are evidently the outcome of personal experience, and can be actually tested, as we hope they will be. He lays stress on the necessity of inculcating steadiness on parade as the foundation of all discipline, he shows that it is enough to master only those simple manœuvres which are really useful on the field of battle, and he advocates the substitution of instruction in shooting, under service conditions, for the stereotyped musketry course, which perhaps develops a few marksmen at the expense of a residuum of incompetence. Field-firing, or something analogous, should be practised, and figures of merit be calculated on the performance of the whole battalion. In India our troops are now exercised in the most practical manner in this way; but facilities exist in India which are absent in England, where the difficulty of providing ground even for satisfactory manœuvring is immense. The financial aspect of the question is very sensibly discussed, and his suggestions with regard to loans of Government money are reasonable and carefully thought out, not only with regard to what is desirable, but to what is likely to be achieved.

Mr. Spencer Wilkinson, whose essay gained the second prize, displays considerably greater literary ability than any of the other authors, and in many respects what he has to say is particularly good. He has, however, not been able to shake himself clear of Continental notions, and seems to see no sign of salvation except in methods which savour too strongly of Utopia, with a strong flavour of Germany thrown in, to be suitable for home consumption. He enlarges too much on technical questions, ideal battles, and the higher education of officers. The difficulty in many corps is to find an adequate supply of officers, who will ensure respect and be capable of exercising the functions of command, at all. It is absurd to speak in a strain which would be extremely valuable were conscription in force, and no Chancellor of the Exchequer to be reckoned with, but which is far too ambitious and ideal for the humbler circumstances under which our military institutions must for the present, at any rate, be content to exist.

The author of the third essay also lays much stress on the training of officers, and suggests the motto *Disce aut discere* as one appropriate to our citizen soldiers. He should have added *adeste*, and we would have been with him. As it is, he is somewhat in the position of one who plans his coat without reference to the cloth likely to be at his disposal. The fourth author is perhaps the most amusing, for he disposes in the most light-hearted and impromptu manner of the most difficult problems of Imperial defence, and tosses the army, navy, and auxiliary forces about with the same easy confidence as, no doubt, he does his counters when he plays Go-bang. The subsequent writers adopt a more moderate tone, and many of their remarks are sensible, and give evidence of a practical acquaintance with the

\* *The Present Condition and Future Organization of the Volunteer Force.* London: Edward Stanford. Edinburgh: T. & A. Constable.

*Illustrations of Field Exercises by the Three Arms, of Exercises in Minor Tactics, and War Games.* By Brigadier-General H. M. Bengough, C.B. London: Gale & Polden.

*Field Fortification; with Examples and Answers.* By H. Turner (late R.A.) London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.



difficulties of the subject. Occasionally we come across some rather drastic measures advocated however, such as forced service in the Militia with exemption in favour of Volunteers. The illusions of many will also be rudely shocked in the sixth essay as to the general physique of our Volunteer battalions, which most of us fondly imagined to be superior in this respect to those of the line. On the whole, we find that all the writers agree as to the necessity for providing an adequate complement of field artillery, as to a training being adopted with some higher aim than that of securing a good march past at inspections, and as to the mischief wrought by our present system of dual control. That is to say, that some plan must be devised by which the brigadiers are enabled to have a more complete control of their battalions, and may no longer be liable to have their intentions frustrated by the interference of a coequal authority, in the shape of the colonel of the district. It has long ago been recognized that there cannot be two kings in Brentford, and it is time to make arrangements accordingly. Likewise there is a consensus of opinion that there exists a paucity of officers in the Volunteer force, as a whole, and that even in those corps where there is no difficulty in filling the commissioned ranks many of those in command are often hardly equal to their position, either as regards military knowledge or natural aptitude. One prominent weakness of the Volunteers lies here; and until a system is devised which shall ensure that the men are well led, other improvements will effect but little; while, with competent leaders, and adequately supported by field artillery, our Volunteers, even if only a few of the reforms put forward in these pages were carried out, might oppose with confidence any troops on the Continent.

It is rather difficult to find justification for General Bengough's little book as anything but a publication of local interest, although it bears witness to a most praiseworthy energy and zeal on his part, and shows traces of much practical ability. It is, however, little more than an account of the field exercises carried out at Bangalore, and it is impossible to judge of the value of the criticisms of the umpires without a personal knowledge of the ground manoeuvred over. To those who habitually decry the British army and the methods by which it is trained, it will be valuable, however, to know that in some quarters there is more undertaken than "fatigues," or ceremonial field days. Nor, it is to be hoped, will the example herein given be lost on those at home placed in similar positions to General Bengough in India. There is a real ring about the soldiering which occupies troops from 4 A.M. to 8 P.M., which is constantly busy at practical problems of war, and the achievements of which are weighed and measured with the close criticism of which we have evidence before us. It is refreshing to read of cavalry and artillery occupied in crossing a tank 600 yards wide by means of rafts and swimming, of 300 men getting safely across led by their officers, and of the excellent arrangements which ensured success. Bangalore is in no danger of being besieged, nor is it more likely to send troops to beleaguer a hostile fortress than is Woolwich or Dublin; yet even the execution of siege works by night was not left out of the course of training undertaken by General Bengough, and the operations were carried out with the greatest attention to all the precautions and detailed arrangements which would be actually necessitated. Not only were the siege parallels duly executed, but a force was told to attack the working parties, and the efficiency of sentry line and covering parties was thus practically tested.

The portion of the little work which deals with War Games will be the most generally useful, because here the maps used were of the Aldershot series, and the methods adopted can therefore be copied if wished. General Bengough seems to have recognized, as many other officers have, that some special interest must be imported into these exercises if they are to arouse anything like the interest they should. "To make the game worth playing three things are necessary, viz. first-rate umpires, the utmost strictness in playing, and a stake of 50l." Thus spoke an old soldier to our author, and he acted on the advice; but he substituted *esprit de corps* for the money, and pitted one battalion against another, in place of selecting particular officers. These battalions each chose their leader and his staff officer, and the scheme seems to have worked admirably. Moreover the problems set were made to correspond with actual events of military history, and the competitors could, therefore, measure themselves afterwards with celebrated masters of the art of war. General Bengough's criticisms on the two campaigns discussed are well thought out, and will be of interest beyond the circle to which they were originally addressed. He is hardly correct however, we think, in scouting the idea that Zieten omitted purposely to destroy the bridges across the Sambre when he fell back before Napoleon at the commencement of the campaign of 1815. As was observed by an officer in the discussion following the lecture, he may have done so to facilitate the subsequent advance which was inevitable unless the Allies were defeated—an eventuality which the Duke of Wellington and Blücher had no reason to anticipate.

Mr. Turner's little book would more appropriately have been termed Questions and Answers in Fortification, for it consists wholly of such, and there is no mention anywhere of the principles of the science, nor is any effort made to explain or elucidate the problems involved. It is, in fact, essentially one of the cramming compilations which our present system of examinations has evolved, and will no doubt be extremely useful to candidates

anxious to test their knowledge ere they face the examiners. The existence of such a book finds its justification, we suppose, in the needs of candidates; but it supplies a sad commentary on the methods of selection the craze for education has brought about. The most successful crammers have long ago discovered that the best means of getting their pupils through is to make them continually work out the answers to old examination papers. It has been realized that in any given subject only a certain number of questions can possibly be set, and that if therefore a man only works up enough such, he is bound to be able to deal successfully with at any rate more than half any paper that can be set him. Mr. Turner has come to the aid of officers by collecting a large number of questions together and arranging them in sections, so that every one need only work at the particular portion of the book which contains what is within the scope of his particular syllabus. Further copies of the papers set at recent examinations for promotion are supplied with the correct answers. No one, therefore, who studies these pages is likely to be taken by surprise, but will enter the arena with the confidence which familiarity with the difficulties before him gives. That he will probably soon forget knowledge thus built up need not disturb him; for, ere his time for another ordeal arrives, he will be able to devote some weeks to another portion of the book with equally good results. Meanwhile he can sleep securely and with a mind free from anxiety or care in the easy confidence that Mr. Turner or some other kind friend will be at his elbow when the question is put to him again.

#### ARCHIVO DE LA CASA DE ALBA.\*

THE Duchess of Berwick and of Alba, and Countess of Siruela, has undertaken in this selection of papers from the archives of her house an enterprise which, if it had been taken in hand at an earlier period, would have been of great value. The Duchess, as representative of several "ancient houses," is mistress of what remains of the most remarkable private collection of State papers ever formed. Constant intermarriage, and the descent of titles through heirs general (the heirlooms, of course, go with the titles), have led to the concentration in her possession of the archives of "Lemos and Monterrey, Médica, the Admirals of Castile, Lerín, Olivares, and others." This is much as if one were to say that the Duchess of Blankshire was representative of the families of Cecil, Cavendish, Howard, Legge, Vane, and others, and had inherited the Collection of Sir Robert Cotton. The Count-Duke of Olivares was not only a statesman who ruled the Spanish monarchy as the Privado, a word of rather higher meaning than our Favourite (Bacon would have translated it *particeps curarum*), to Philip IV., he was a collector of State Papers—a taste which his position enabled him to indulge. In order to save his collection from dispersion, Olivares obtained from Philip IV. two "Cédulas," or Royal ordinances, by which it was entailed with his title. From the Cédulas it appears that he had already secured great numbers of important papers dating from the reign of Charles V. This treasure would by itself be of immense historical value; but the Duchess is also the representative, as her titles of Berwick and Alba show, of the Spanish branch of the house of FitzJames, and of the very ancient and illustrious family of Alvarez de Toledo.

If all the documents drawn from so many different sources had remained intact, they would form an unparalleled collection. A glance at the names cited above will show as much to any one who has even a casual acquaintance with the history of Spain and Italy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But, unfortunately, the precautions taken by the Count-Duke were defeated by causes over which "Reales Cédulas" have no control. His collection was pillaged by unfaithful servants, neglected by his heirs, and has suffered from repeated fires in the Casa Palacio de Buenavista at Madrid. In one of these disasters 120 volumes of the correspondence of Don Luis de Haro, who succeeded to the post of the Count-Duke, were also destroyed. What remains is in fact only the smaller part of what once existed. Still what survives is much. In her Preface the Duchess explains that she has applied herself to bringing it to order from the truly Spanish state of confusion in which what had escaped thieves and fire had been left. The historical have been separated from the merely family papers, and this selection is made from the first-named class. Considering the wealth of the collection from which it is made, the volume compiled by the Duchess could not well help being interesting; but, as we hinted at the beginning, it is not what under more fortunate circumstances it might have been. So much has disappeared, the liberality of the Dukes of Alba has given many scholars and editors access to their archives, and as the Duchess has endeavoured to avoid reprinting documents which were already accessible, her volume has inevitably been largely compiled from what had not hitherto been thought of sufficient interest to deserve reproduction. Orders to pay and receipts for money when signed by Columbus or Cortes would be pleasant possessions to the collector, and, of course, the most formal paper of this kind may supply a valuable link in a chain of evidence. Their mere words in print without any

\* Documentos sacados del Archivo de la Casa de Alba. Los publica la Duquesa de Berwick y de Alba, Condesa de Siruela. Madrid.

context are but vapid. Some of the papers in this volume look like fragments of interesting stories, but, standing by themselves, they are only fragments. The Duchess expresses a regret, in which we fully share, that so little remains in the family papers about the famous Duke of Berwick. The want is, however, explicable enough. Though Berwick was much connected with Spain, and though his son became a grandee and Duke of Liria, he was for most of his life a servant of the King of France. The chief interest of the volume, as indeed of most Spanish historical things, belongs to a period anterior to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There are numerous letters from and to the great Duke of Alva. Many of them show him in an unexpectedly genial light as a patron of the arts and of artists. Several are from Philip II. himself, and contain directions for the purchase of pictures and of vellum for his books. Others, from Catharine de Medici, Mary Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth, are more formal, full of complimentary expressions and hints about business. A long letter from the Alcaide Salazar describes the plan which was laid for the escape of the unhappy Montigny from the tower of Segovia. Curiously enough it is immediately followed by an intercepted letter of some partisan of the Prince of Orange, stating in very plain words the desirability of the murder of Alva. There is also a good handful of letters from and to Don John of Austria, some dealing with the campaign of Lepanto. Of these we cannot say that they appear to us to possess great historical value, but those written by Don John himself have a certain vivacity and individuality which gives them interest. Near the end of the volume the Duchess has printed the words and music of an "Heroicum Panegyricum in Laudem illustrissimi et Excellentissimi D. Ferdinandi de Toledo Ducis ab Alba," by Pierré de Hotz. It praises Dux Ferdinandus much because "Belgas gubernat in pace." He certainly did his best to put the Belgians "in pace" in one sense of the phrase. There are also some rather interesting newsletters of the seventeenth century, and one very curious petition, dated at Constantina in 1597, by a certain David Ebron, a Jew. It is a strange mixture of really pathetic pleading for his people and of attempts to curry favour with the King by revealing the rascalities of his officers in America. As Ebron calls himself "criado de Su Magestad"—that is, servant of your Majesty—and had been in South America, he was probably a Portuguese, who came under Philip's rule with the conquest of that kingdom. It is noteworthy that, while pleading for freedom of worship for his people, he acknowledges that the Jews who have voluntarily become Christians, and then relapsed, are fair game for the Holy Office.

#### MR. DENNIS'S SCOTT.\*

ALWAYS in advance of his age, Scott, as he tells us, never thought much of his own poetry. Nobody contradicts this but Hogg, who says that Scott, about 1804, was rather attached to his own verses. But the critical and the cultivated of to-day have come back to Sir Walter's opinion, and hold his rhymes of little account. It is a comfort that the people who buy poetry do not agree with the author and his critics. Sir Walter sells better than anybody still, if we may judge by the succession of new editions of his works. The latest is Mr. Dennis's, a handy convenient set of volumes, whereof the first two have appeared. Mr. Dennis has paid some attention to the text, which is tolerably correct, as Scott was too busy, too indifferent, and too incredulous of his own value to correct much. Even in the Author's Edition (the *magnum opus*) of his novels there are not infrequent printers' errors, and, among the alterations which he made, scarce any dealt with his very faulty grammar. Mr. Dennis reluctantly abridges the introductions and notes, those notes so dear to the antiquarian and the lover of legend. A brief memoir by the editor is a model of what such a memoir should be, and we think that we have never seen such a satisfactory short sketch of Scott's life and character. It is based, of course, on Lockhart, but Lockhart is too long to be much read in an age of hurry; and Mr. Dennis's abridgment is admirable. He adds one or two anecdotes little or not at all known, such as Cardinal Newman's remark that Scott gave him more pleasure than Wordsworth, and the nurse's story of Sir Walter's last day, when he looked up and down Tweeddale, for that, the latest time, then turned to the nurse, and said, "I'll know it all before night." Against Mr. Carlyle's criticism, Mr. Dennis defends Scott in the natural and obvious way. A well-known mischance, Scott's neglect to answer a letter of Mr. Carlyle's, a neglect inexplicable in so punctual a correspondent, probably influenced the critic more than he knew. The letter expresses the most enthusiastic admiration, which had changed (as Mr. Carlyle's diary shows) to a kind of disdain in the brief interval before Sir Walter's death. Either Mr. Carlyle was insincere when he wrote to Scott, or the neglect of his letter begat a mood of angry petulance, in spite of the regret which Scott, we believe, expressed through a friend for his unusual negligence. As to another unhappy matter, the Ballantyne business, Mr. Dennis thinks that Scott never examined the books of the firm. That is not our own opinion; but he could not be aware of the adventures into which Constable's London corre-

spondent had plunged. Business in Scotland had long rested on a kind of airy capital; a system of bills and accommodations, a delicate fabric of credit, was almost universal, and Scott was dealing, like his neighbours, in the hopes of the future and, as none but himself could have done, in the fertility of his brain.

As to literary criticism, Mr. Dennis meddles with it little, which we need not regret; for surely all has been said that need be said. Scott gave to the world some of the delight which he had always taken in day-dreams; his verse was almost incredibly careless, and yet so full of spirit and speed that it carried all readers away. He was the last, after a long interval, of the minstrels, of those who told a tale in verse. He never pretended to supply discussion of "problems" which never occurred to him, nor to produce jewels of diction. His best verse by far is to be found in his lyrics, many of which are perfect in technical accomplishment, and need fear no comparison with the verses of men in whom technical accomplishment is the strongest point. As to his rhymed romances, Scott is the only author in this manner whose work endures, between Spenser and our own time. Byron's legends were a mere continuation of Scott's, in form and measure inspired by Scott, but dealing with new themes, and winning most of their popularity from Byron's character. It is probable that his *Laras* and *Corsairs* are not the most enduring part of his work, that Scott's are far more vital, as they are far more bright, sweet, and chivalrous. He thought he could please "soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions"; he pleases them still, and others who, as Mr. Dennis says, "are neither active nor bold." He is of all poets the most natural; natural even in his uninspired passages, which Ellis wished that he would hand over for correction to some careful pupil in his school. He is the poet of the springtime of life, and never may our autumn be ungrateful to his frank and careless energy; to the pleasure which he takes and gives from his delight in life and in the world. He can never please people who care only for problems, not for poetry, and prigs and pedants he can never please. They make themselves heard, and they rail against the minstrel; the world which is not heard goes on purchasing his poems, indifferent to the peevishness of psychologists. *Messieurs les Psychologues* endure but for a season; but Scott's fame is as imperishable as his monument, "the mountains of his native land," and Tweed and Yarrow while they flow are vocal with his memory.

#### BOOKS ON IRELAND.\*

THE extensive and peculiar knowledge of the by-ways of Irish history at the close of the last century and the beginning of this which is possessed by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick has been exhibited to students in divers books before *Secret Service under Pitt*. But we do not know that in any of these it has shown itself to greater advantage than in the present volume. The scheme of that volume is indeed somewhat "promiscuous"; and, to a person tediously cumbered about such things, may seem to labour under the drawback of being a sort of running commentary on Mr. Froude and Mr. Lecky. The person who declines to be so bothered will, especially if he has some knowledge of the history of the time, experience no difficulty and find much pleasure in the reading. Mr. Fitzpatrick's subjects are the "informers," the "traitors," the what-ever-you-please-to-call-them, who helped the Government to break up the United Irishmen, to get over Ninety-eight, and to foil Emmett's conspiracy. His attitude, in the political sense, towards these worthies is a little indistinct. That he does not sympathize with them is evident—indeed, a man's sympathies must be abnormally wide and warm if they open and kindle towards informers as such. But we fear that Mr. Fitzpatrick is not very fond of the information as distinguished from the informer. However, he professes to write with the object, among other things, of warning his countrymen against secret Societies, and that is a virtuous object enough.

His first, and evidently his favourite, subject is a certain mysterious "visitor of Lord Downshire's," in October 1797, who had occupied the pen of Mr. Froude, and who first put the Government definitely on the track of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzpatrick succeeds to his own satisfaction in identifying this worthy with a certain Samuel Turner, a gentleman of substance at Newry, and a prominent malcontent, who seems never to have been even suspected by his companions. The amateur detective a century after date has certainly got together a most curious collection of documents for the history of informing, whether we believe him to be right or wrong in his general conclusions. Another figure on whom this avenger follows hard is Francis Magan, a hitherto unsuspected false brother, who certainly received Government pensions and gratuities, and on whom Mr. Fitzpatrick almost fixes the charge of having set the bloodhounds on Lord Edward, when they actually pulled him down. Heavy, again, is the indictment piled up against Leonard McNally,

\* *Secret Service under Pitt*. By W. J. Fitzpatrick. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

*The Song of Dermot and the Earl*. Edited by G. H. Orpen. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1892.

*Ireland and St. Patrick*. By W. B. Morris. London: Burns & Oates. 1892.

*The Central Figures of Irish History*. By W. F. Collier. London: Marcus Ward. 1892.

\* *Scott's Poetical Works*. Edited, with Memoir, by John Dennis. London: George Bell & Sons. 1892.



a "popular barrister" and literary gentleman, who seems to have played his part with an extraordinary combination of effrontery and skill. But perhaps the most alarming reversal of popular judgment which Mr. Fitzpatrick, following in the steps of Mr. Froude and Mr. Lecky, accomplishes, is in reference to Arthur O'Leary—Father O'Leary. This reverend person was spoken of in the Irish Parliament as "having none but the purest motives." Alas for it! the gold of Pitt makes the fame of O'Leary all blotted and bleary; and Mr. Fitzpatrick has made public the blots. In short, nobody's reputation is safe with Mr. Fitzpatrick's documents, and for our part we feel nearly sure that he will some day prove Grattan to have been a pensioner and Curran in constant receipt of gratuities. Meanwhile his book, though not as yet reaching such sensational heights as these, wanders into the oddest places, and gives the queerest details of them. It is sometimes quaintly written. "Embracing the famous Duchess of Devonshire," for instance, naturally suggests the exploit of the legendary butcher. But it was a "congregation" that embraced the Duchess, and even police magistrates of the last decade of the nineteenth century could not fine a congregation forty shillings for embracery of this metaphorical kind. There are some painful things in the book; but many more that are amusing. A better addition to the curiosities of history we have not lately seen.

The readers of Old French are, we fear, not many; they are certainly not one-tenth so numerous as they would be but for the exaggerated conception which is entertained, both in England and in France itself, of the difficulty of the language. Aspirants, especially if they have a taste for history, might do worse than begin with Mr. Orpen's excellently edited *Song of Dermot and the Earl*, which has a literal translation in face, and sufficient text-notes at foot, besides a liberal commentary on the matter at the end. The poem is not exactly new to students, for it was published by that industrious M. Francisque Michel, in comparison with whom some moderns have often reminded us unfavourably enough. But the text of that edition was not perfect, and neither M. Michel nor Mr. Wright, his coadjutor, knew much about the Irish names which play so large a part. For the song concerns the conquest of Ireland, and is admitted by sober historians to be a very valuable and important check to Giraldus. It begins with the abduction of the forty-four-year-old Dervorgilla (whom, we regret to say, according to our poet's assurance, Dermot did not love at all; it was quite a political business) and ends abruptly with the prowess of Meiler Fitz-Henry at the siege of Limerick. In the interval there is any amount of fighting, and some very agreeable episodes, the best of these latter being the apparition of a phantom army at Wexford, and (still better) the beheading of seventy Irish prisoners by the actual hands of a girl, Alice de Berven, whose lover had been killed in the fight where they were taken. She not only beheaded them, but flung their bodies from the cliff, did Alice, who must have been something like a companion to go campaigning with.

We have a kindness for Father Morris; a greater kindness, we fear, than he has for us, though he is wont to speak of our perversities more with sorrow than with wrath. We have a kindness for him because he is a very honest man, a very clever man, and (though we may confess, while disclaiming the least intention to be offensive, that his enthusiasm sometimes amuses us) a very enthusiastic man. If all Irishmen were like him there might still be some difficulty in dealing with Ireland; but the difficulty would never be unconquerable by patience, good temper, and justice going a little to the side of kindness. Therefore, we read with pleasure his new volume of essays, which, though the Saint's name is taken by no means in vain, really contain a sort of discussion of current events and current English views of Irish character. One of them really deals with St. Patrick in his relations with St. Martin; another is a severe baiting of that poor old Bull of Pope Adrian's which *si licet De Rebus Hibernicis hibernice loqui* is such a red rag to Irish patriots, and three others. By the way, in Father Morris's laudations of the unflinching loyalty of Irishmen to the Catholic Church we do not find any reference to a certain little transaction in which a certain Pope said something about a certain thing which "Plan of Campaign nuncupatur." As for the Bull-baiting and the wickedness of the "foreigner" Giraldus, that is a long question. There is no conceivable reason why "Protestants," as Father Morris would call us (we may observe in passing that he will not catch us calling him a "Papist"), should attach any particular importance to the document, or why Englishmen should. We invaded and conquered Ireland because it would have been an intolerable nuisance to have an unconquered Ireland at our doors, and because the Irish could not or would not prevent us. *Voilà tout!* But we are bound to observe as historical students that, if this document is to go, vast numbers of other historical documents which stand on evidence no stronger or even much weaker will have to go too. Again, in reference to a later passage, we suspect that, if Father Morris found anybody else treating witnesses on his own side as he himself treats M. de Mandat-Grancey, he would, and justly, get him to his weapons in reference to that person. But no doubt, as Father Morris with his usual frankness and honesty acknowledges in his preface, "a certain *ex parte* tone is inevitable" in an arguer who, as he does, fixes his conclusions and argues up to them from the best premises he can get. All men do that; very likely we sometimes do it ourselves, though we endeavour not to do it. And in endeavouring not to do it we like to read the arguments

of honest arguers on the other side, whose fallacies, if fallacies there be, are only paralogism and not sophistry, who show neither bad blood nor bad faith, and who, if they sometimes seem to us to make very odd use of their investigations, do their best to investigate. And of such is Father William Bullen Morris.

Dr. Collier is well known by his school history of Ireland. His *Central Figures of Irish History* is a sort of companion to that work, intended to draw certain figures—St. Patrick, St. Columba, Brian Boru, the great Geraldines and O'Neills, &c.—in a more personal and dramatic fashion than ordinary history allows of. It was not a bad idea, but of course the curse of the whole subject—the impossibility either of taking a side without offending or of attempting compromise and conciliation without offending worse—is to some extent on it.

#### THE GENTLEWOMAN'S BOOK OF SPORTS.\*

WE confess to a slight feeling of relief as we remember, on looking at the contents of this volume, that "Sports" have not yet been made compulsory, and that though no doubt they must be included in "the higher education," we are not all of us compelled to mount these heights. We must also, at the risk of being censured as "effeminate," regret that "Croquet" has not been allowed a place among the sports in which a gentlewoman may properly engage. We freely admit that the game does not necessitate the wearing of "knickerbockers" or of "white silk stockings and sandals," nor yet of "indiarubber knee-boots," and that the situations in which it is possible to play, have all the tameness of the common or domestic lawn, yet we will maintain, in the face of all comers, that it is a "Sport," and one which ought not to be omitted. We must commend it to the attention of the Editors of the Badminton Library; they might take it up as one of the few remaining "Sports" which women do not spoil by insisting on learning to play indifferently well. There is enough skill in croquet to make it a good and interesting game, and as we learn from this work that cricket is useful as a discipline to the temper "which will stand the player in good stead when cricket is a thing of the past," for the same purpose we can confidently recommend croquet. It can be played by both sexes, by the very old and the very young, by the very stout and the infirm, and this can be said of few of the "Sports" which are here recommended. However much "the gentlewomen" of to-day may despise and ignore croquet, no one who watches their attempts to play golf can forget that they are the daughters of mothers who have only aspired to handle the mallet. "Blood will out," and the "swing" of the club has a degrading relationship to a "following stroke" at croquet. This may be only one of the many misfortunes attending heredity, or it may be the result of the incurable mistakes in the anatomy of women. Unless this can be altered, we must again show our courage in asserting our belief that at golf, women will never do more than play "very tolerably for women." Fishing, sailing, boating, swimming, skating, lawn-tennis, cricket, archery, golf, and fencing are the sports here dealt with by lady experts, and we are surprised to find that, while the various forms of fishing are described in six articles, there is none on hunting or shooting. For the last we are grateful, as we have no hesitation in saying that the women who handle either rifle or gun, unless travelling beyond the confines of civilization, or merely practising at targets, are a class of persons we should like to see exterminated.

We believe that swimming, skating, lawn-tennis, and archery are among the sports which every girl would be the better and the healthier for learning, and the most captious of critics can find no fault with these forms of exercise. In the article on Lawn-tennis, which is one of the best in the volume, we are much attracted by the fox-terrier "markers," whose training in their office seems to have been so perfect that we are surprised to find they did not "call a fault" by barking. We note also with approval that the gentlewoman is advised not to wear white shoes, they being apt to convey a false impression as to the size of her feet.

We are told in the article on Swimming much that is instructive; but there is one statement which is truly surprising, and ought to be most reassuring to those who fear these sporting tendencies in women may lead to an undue neglect of the decorems in dress:—"We also wear scarlet thread stockings, for decency's sake"—we have yet to learn that bare feet are indecent.

Cricket and fencing must be numbered among the sports which the very few will attempt, and in which no women can be experts. They may play the one, and practise the other, but they will have all the interest of "monstrosities" attaching to them, and can in the nature of things never be authorities. If it amuses them "to go in" on these terms, we cannot see any objection to their doing so, and we may comfort those who agitate themselves on the mannish ways of the present generation that circumstances over which they have no control will always make these aspiring females among the very few, and their ranks will not be largely recruited. They will never lack "brass." We are told in the article on Fencing that it is better to wear a

\* *The Gentlewoman's Book of Sports*. Edited by Lady Greville. London: Henry & Co.

corduroy jacket, strengthened with a "fine steel-chain mail placed between two folds of doeskin." It is certainly well to be invulnerable, but to some it will not sound inviting.

Considering how much nonsense is often talked both for and against sports and women, this book is sensibly written, and if the authors describe their personal prowess with somewhat absurd energy, we must recollect that they consider themselves the gentlewomen pioneers of a great and healthy reformation. As long as they are not taken too seriously, we are disposed to agree with them.

#### MARTIN'S RECORD INTERPRETER.\*

THIS is not so much a book as one of the tools that books are made with. Mr. Martin has long served the public at the Record Office, and is probably as familiar as any man living with the ways of English medieval manuscripts. Every one who has read such manuscripts at all is aware that the difficulty of learning the handwriting in itself, at any rate before handwriting came to its worst about the end of the fifteenth century, may almost be neglected in comparison with that of recognizing and correctly interpreting the constant abbreviations. A great many contractions are so common that they soon cease to give trouble, and every MS. will have its familiar ones, according to the subject-matter and the scribe, as well as those which are universal. But the less familiar ones may be puzzling even to a practical reader; and a single illegible or wrongly read contraction may quite spoil the meaning of the sentence in which it occurs. Mr. Martin has well earned the blessing of manuscript-grubbers, a small but zealous tribe, and not without importance even in men's practical affairs, by putting his experience at their disposal.

Mr. Martin has added a glossary of Latin words which the record student is likely to meet with in his manuscripts, and will not find in an ordinary Latin dictionary. This glossary is not intended, of course, to supersede Du Cange; it is a practical companion for the reader, not entering upon discussion of doubtful meanings or historical elucidation. Some of the pseudo-classical forms and perversions of classical terms are both amusing and provoking to the modern scholar: as, *bilagines*, by-laws, *proconsul*, a justice in eyre. A few of Mr. Martin's explanations appear to us misleading; unless indeed they rest on the context of unpublished passages where he has noted the words. *Alodium* is translated "a free manor." We know *alodium* chiefly, if not exclusively, as the current Latin equivalent of "book-land." If it was ever a synonym of *manerium*, such use of it was exceptional. The translation of *scotalla*, "a feast provided by contribution," can hardly be maintained. *Scot-ale* is illustrated at large in the volume of Glastonbury customals printed last year by the Somerset Record Society. There was no providing of ale by contribution in the ordinary sense; the lord found the ale, and his tenants were expected to come and drink it, paying a "scot" fixed by custom. It is not clear whether this was generally to the lord's profit or not. Mr. Elton thinks that in at least one case where the payments are specified he must have been out of pocket. We know that at the special work-days or "precaria" where the lord entertained the workers, and which are therefore described as "ad cibum domini," the cost of the food sometimes exceeded the estimated value of the work. It is curious to read that *dominus* is "a title anciently applied to . . . a bachelor of arts"; the statement is true so far as it goes, only the title is still in official use. The Cambridge Tripos lists are the first example to come to mind. It is also rather curious that Mr. Martin gives *vosare*, to address in the plural, but not the correlative *tibisare* or *tuisare*, mod. Fr. *tutoyer*, which was equally current in medieval Latin. We cannot give chapter and verse offhand for its occurrence in English documents, but it seems hardly possible that it should not occur. It may be matter of opinion whether it were worth the pains to set down in such a list as this an odd and obscure word like *canfara* (said to be "ordeal by hot iron"), for which Du Cange gives only one reference. And we should like to know whether Mr. Martin is sure that *benerda* is not a mere corruption of *benerthe*. However, we have said that the glossary is not a dictionary, and we must not criticize it as if it professed to be one.

The list of Latin names of places will be found of great use. Here as elsewhere the medieval scribe who would not be frankly medieval is the great trouble; the sort of man who made Guildford go masquerading as *Aureum Vadum*, or turned Aspenden into *Caverna Viparina*, and Fulham into *Volucrum Domus*. We observe that Mr. Martin is more confident than Professor Earle as to the situation of that once famous but forgotten place, Clovesho. However, the identification he gives (Cliffe at Hoo, in Kent) is the most plausible yet proposed. At the end are what Mr. Martin calls "a few Latin Christian names," as if implying that he could give us plenty more. The samples will be enough to enlarge many people's notions of the resources of the Middle Ages. What should we say if we met in a novel, for example, with a Lady Scissibota Turchill? Yet both name of baptism and surname are vouched for. Turgiva is another

queer name for which no English equivalent has been found. There is some amusement as well as much utility to be found in Mr. Martin's lists. As a book of working use, however, it must be judged, and may be confidently recommended.

#### PICTORIAL ATLAS TO HOMER.\*

THE publication of such a work as this in a form within the reach of ordinary schools marks the great advance accomplished within the last generation in everything concerning the *Realien* of classical studies. Here, instead of the meagre illustrations dispersed through the old-fashioned classical dictionaries, we have a typical selection of Homeric subjects from every period of Greek art, in which almost every important episode of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is accounted for. And the descriptive text is not only adequate in the way of commentary and explanation, but so well equipped with references that it may be found useful by teachers and advanced workers who wish to pursue any Homeric motive in classical art. The reproductions are limited to such as could be made available for a work of moderate cost, and are therefore of varying merit and exactness. But the text, with commendable candour, points out any grave deviation from the original. It is obvious that any more ambitious method would have so much increased the expense of production as to frustrate the object in view. And, after making all deductions for inaccuracies and roughness of execution, these plates ought to give the young Homeric scholar a very fair notion of the wealth of Greek illustrative art in itself, and of the important part played in it by Homer and the Homeric cycle.

It is to be presumed that this book will be used after, or in conjunction with, some sort of elementary instruction as to the history and development of Greek art in general. The arrangement is by subjects, following the order of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; the date of each work is assigned as near as may be in the descriptive text, but in the plates no attempt is made at any chronological sequence. Indeed this could have been done, if at all, only with great waste of space. A boy turned loose upon this atlas without previous warning might be considerably bewildered in his art-notions by finding Mycenaean fragments of pottery cheek by jowl with Pompeian mosaics and late Graeco-Roman wall-paintings; not to mention the considerable differences of method and style within the range of strictly classical vase-decoration. These matters, however, concern the discretion of teachers. We are not at all sure that the archaic style will not appeal more to boys than the classical. The Mycenaean warriors with huge noses in the first plate have something irresistibly boyish about them. Among the most curious types of antique Homeric illustration is the Roman "Tabula Iliaca," apparently intended as a graphic index or *memoria technica* to the contents of the *Iliad*, and in some cases other poems of the Trojan cycle also. We commend this book to all parents and masters of boys learning Homer, and we should be glad to see the same plan of illustration extended to other classical authors.

#### A NEW HISTORY OF CLASSIC ORNAMENT.†

THE author of this copiously illustrated and handsome volume on ancient forms of ornament may well call it a "New History," as it chiefly consists of a collection of theories of the most novel and amazing character that it has been our lot to encounter within a long time. Mr. Goodyear tries to prove that a combination of Sun and Phallic worship was the one fundamental principle at the root of all ancient religions, and that one plant—the lotus—as a symbol of these notions, gave rise to almost all the forms of ornament which were employed by all the races of classical antiquity. According to Mr. Goodyear, the lotus-plant is to be seen in early patterns of every kind—in the rosettes and meanders of Mycenaean jewelry and painting, in the spirals and geometric patterns on Cypriote pottery, in the concentric ring ornaments on Egyptian scarabs, in the Sacred Tree with its guardian cherubs of Assyria and Babylon, in the ivy-leaf pattern on Greek vases and coins, in the Ionic capital of the Greek architects, and, in fact, in every conceivable place and age down to the simple spiral ornaments on the Swedish axes from tumuli of the Bronze age, and, lastly, on the pre-historic pottery of America. This so-called Grammar would have us believe that men of ancient days were deaf to all intellectual and religious conceptions except one, and blind to all forms of beauty in nature except this one plant—the lotus.

It is difficult to treat such a work as this seriously, and one cannot even glance at it without regretting that such real ingenuity and the collection of so much that is interesting should be rendered almost completely worthless by this one fixed idea which has taken possession of the author's head. It would be a wearisome and unprofitable task to refute the many miscon-

\* *Pictorial Atlas to Homer's Iliad and Odyssey*. (Thirty-six plates with descriptive text, &c.) By Dr. R. Engelmann and W. C. F. Anderson. London: Grevel & Co. 1892.

† *The Grammar of the Lotus, a New History of Classic Ornament as a Development of Sun-Worship*. By W. H. Goodyear, M.A. (Yale, 1867). London: Sampson Low & Co.

\* *The Record Interpreter: a Collection of Abbreviations, Latin Words and Names used in English Historical Manuscripts and Records*. Compiled by Charles Trice Martin. London: Reeves & Turner. 1892.



ceptions of this book in detail. We may, however, mention one or two points as examples of the whole. One of the most frequently recurring motives in the art of the Euphrates Valley, both on a small scale, as on the Assyrian cylinder-signets, and on the large sculptured wall-slabs from the Palace of Nimroud, is that of the Sacred Tree (Hôm), with a guardian deity on each side of it touching its branches with a conical object. Like most other things, Mr. Goodyear makes this sacred tree into a representation of the lotus-plant. But its real meaning has, not very long ago, been pointed out by Dr. Tylor, of Oxford, whose obviously correct interpretation makes this design one of very exceptional interest. It was in ancient times, as Pliny tells us in his interesting account of the palm-tree, the custom for the cultivators of date-palms to ensure the fertilization of the blossoms on the female trees by shaking on to them pollen from the flower of the male trees. This naturally became a sacred act, and was performed, as it is at the present day in the Euphrates Valley, with various religious rites and ceremonies. The importance of ensuring a good crop of dates was a very momentous thing for a people who depended so largely upon them for food, and thus this mysterious agricultural process became a very favourite one for representation in all branches of ancient Assyrian art. Since Dr. Tylor gave us the key, the motive of the relief is perfectly plain; in one hand the strange-looking deity, half-human and half-beast or bird, holds a basket of the pollen-covered blossom, while with the other hand he applies one of the conical blossoms to the growing date-palm, which is represented with more or less conventionalism of treatment.

At p. 19 a drawing from a painting at Philæ, copied from Champollion, is given, which is supposed to show the lotus-plant growing out of the dead body of the mystic Osiris. The drawing is a very inaccurate and misleading one, and the whole point of this interesting painting is quite different from what Mr. Goodyear takes it to be. Mr. J. G. Frazer, in his valuable work on ancient mythology, *The Golden Bough*, a perusal of which we may recommend to the author of this Grammar, has shown that this motive, frequently repeated on the painted coffins of Egypt, is really a very interesting representation of the earliest conception of Osiris, not as the Sun-god, but as the Spirit of the Corn, and it is wheat which is growing out of his mummified corpse.

With regard to the ivy-wreath, so commonly used as an ornament on Greek vases and on the beautiful silver coins of Boeotia, one can only remark that the artistic Greek knew what he was about, and most certainly did not intend to represent a lotus-plant when he, so skilfully and with such minute and yet decorative realism, painted on his vase or engraved on his coin—the leaves, tendrils, and clustered berries of the ivy in the clearest and most unmistakable fashion.

And yet the truth is that the lotus was so beautiful and so decorative a plant that Mr. Goodyear might well have made a large and interesting book on the varied forms of ornament which really were invented out of it, and used first in Egypt, and then from Egypt spread far and wide throughout the shores of the Mediterranean, without needlessly dragging in hosts of other patterns and forms of ornament which had nothing whatever to do with the lotus-plant. As it is, however, this *Grammar of the Lotus* is a work which has value from its large number of illustrations of various classes of ancient ornament, but as regards its text it is a book which might go far to mislead a too credulous student.

#### MAYFAIR AND BELGRAVIA.\*

THAT this handsome and finely-illustrated volume should have leave to exist is a sign of these times of interest in old London. The maps are particularly interesting, and go far to correct the more palpable errors of the text. Other less easily discerned errors there are, and in two or three particulars the reader is wholly at Mr. Clinch's mercy, and must accept his statements, as there is no better authority. The clash between text and illustrations is strikingly exemplified by a reference to p. 6, where Mr. Clinch falls into the time-honoured mistake, so often corrected of late years, of mixing up Ebury and Neyte, and identifying the "neat-houses" of Pepys with the manor house of Ebury. Perhaps Mr. Clinch never heard cows called neat cattle, or cow-houses called neat-houses, or a drover called a neatherd. But other people have been more fortunate; and, in any case, the manor-house of Ebury cannot possibly have been at the same time the manor-house of Neyte, any more than Windsor Castle can be Buckingham Palace. But, lest we should have any misgivings on the subject, Mr. Clinch furnishes us with a map dated as early as 1614, in which the manor which had the neat-houses on it is called "Eybury." Neyte is not, and never was, any part of the Grosvenor estate. It is not our business to identify it for Mr. Clinch; though, if this error stood alone, it might be worth while. But what are we to make of this assertion? It is on p. 183. "The name Oxford Street was given to the road from the fact of its leading to that city." But Mr. Clinch is said on his title-page to have written a history of St. Marylebone, and must surely know that at first Oxford Street was only that part of the road to Uxbridge and

Edgware which passed through the parish of St. Marylebone, and was called after the ground landlord—Lord Oxford. So, too, we have a wonderful mixture of mistakes on p. 114. They relate to the will of "rich Audley," the money-lender. "He left a large portion of his property to Thomas Davies or Davis, a bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, and one of his executors; afterwards Sir Thomas Davies, Lord Mayor of London." Every single clause of this sentence is wrong. Audley left Davies no land. He was not a bookseller. He did not live in St. Paul's Churchyard. His name was not Thomas. He was not Audley's executor. He was never Lord Mayor, nor yet a knight. As his story is well known, and in print in books to which Mr. Clinch has access, this mistake is as unpardonable as either of the others we have mentioned. At p. 82 we read "the Ranger's Lodge stood on the very spot afterwards occupied by Apsley House." But Mr. Clinch himself has told us on the previous page that the ground was occupied by an apple-stall; and, as no Ranger's Lodge ever stood here, we can but think he has mixed up Apsley House and the Ranger's Lodge which stood nearly opposite in the Green Park, a little to the east of Constitution Hill. Two bronze stags which stood in front of the Lodge are now at Albert Gate.

Leaving Mr. Clinch's text aside as worthless—and, worse, misleading—we may unreservedly praise the illustrations. It is, in fact, odd, but not unparalleled, that Mr. Clinch should know so little of his subject, and yet know so well what maps and pictures would best illustrate it. We had a similar example in a book on part of the city of London, in which the author, himself making every possible error, gave his readers a series of illustrations by which the worst were corrected. The map of Eybury is very interesting; so is the view of Hyde Park Corner in 1797, apparently from the curious but anonymous picture lately added to the National Gallery. So is the plan of the Berkeley estate in 1710. The site now occupied by St. James's and the Savile Clubs and by Sir J. Goldsmid's house was "the Statuary's Yard." Here the Tyburn crossed the road, and fell into the Green Park by "the drain or Gully Hole." No doubt Engine Street, so stupidly renamed Brick Street a few years ago, was called after the stone-cutting machine worked by the Tyburn, which the statuary used. The Stonebridge is not marked, and Stonebridge Close is crossed by Half-Moon Street, Ebury Street, Bruton Street, and Stratton Street. Ebury has been changed into Clarges, and Bruton into Bolton, and the narrow lane leading to Shepherd's Market is no longer labelled White Horse Street. There is also a capital map of part of the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, which shows that the whole district between Bond Street and Park Lane was already covered with houses in 1761. If Mr. Wheatley should issue a new edition of his entertaining book, *Round About Piccadilly and Pall Mall*, and could borrow Mr. Clinch's illustrations, and especially his maps and plans, we should have a combination of what is best in both; but when Mr. Clinch describes his odd compilation as "an historical account of St. George's, Hanover Square," he should have added for the information of his possible reader that the history has been left out, and the account has been re-cooked from unsafe authorities, to which are added many delightful and facetious errors by Mr. Clinch alone.

#### FOUR MEDICAL BOOKS.\*

THERE are brought under our notice simultaneously two books on nerve exhaustion and two on indigestion. It would be a rash thing to draw a general conclusion from this one fact; nevertheless, if we venture on the induction that these are the two disorders most frequently met with among civilized races, we need not go far for abundant confirmatory evidence. It may be taken for granted that the higher the development and specialization of an organism the greater is its liability to disease, somewhat in the same way that complex machinery is more apt to get out of gear than that of a simpler character. The nervous system of man is more highly organized and specialized than anything corporeal in the whole animal world, and consequently it is not a matter for surprise that "nerves" are responsible for a large proportion of the sufferings of civilized humanity. Though the strain on "wind and limb" is much less among us than our ancestors, who got their living by hunting or pastoral pursuits, on the nerve-centres it is much greater. The increased sensitiveness of the cerebro-spinal system, together with the more numerous inducements to mental overwork, bringing with it the temptation to spur the jaded brain by oft-repeated doses of alcohol, leads to the wrecking or destruction of many a useful life. The object of Dr. Robson-Roose's work is to give an account of the various functional nerve-troubles, with the treatment to which the sufferers should be subjected; and he also considers in a less ample manner the derangements of circulation, digestion, and respiration. The distinction between functional and organic diseases is that in the former no structural alteration can be found

\* *Nerve Prostration and other Functional Disorders of Daily Life.* Second edition. By Robson-Roose, M.D., LL.D., F.C.S. London: H. K. Lewis.

*Nervous Exhaustion, its Causes, Outcomes, and Treatment.* By Walter Tyrrell, M.R.C.S. Eng. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

*Indigestion.* By George Herschell, M.D. Lond. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox.

*Dyspepsia.* By John Dewar, L.R.C.P.E. London: Paterson & Co.

\* *Mayfair and Belgravia; being an Historical Account of the Parish of St. George, Hanover Square.* By George Clinch, of the Department of Printed Books, British Museum. London: Truslove & Shirley. 1892.

by any means we possess; whereas in the latter some tissue-change is demonstrable. Those belonging to the former class are usually curable, or at least susceptible of improvement, by treatment; the latter are prone to go slowly from bad to worse, and their course is not much influenced by anything we may do, as degenerated tissue cannot be restored. High-pressure work, excesses of any kind, want of proper rest or food—indeed, everything productive of debility, particularly where there is hereditary predisposition—may lead to neurasthenia. The author goes fully into the symptoms, causes, and treatment of the numerous diseases of this class—e.g. insomnia, epilepsy, migraine, angina pectoris, &c. The book does not contain much original matter; but the available knowledge on the subjects discussed is brought together in a convenient and readable form with considerable judgment and skill.

We have read Mr. Tyrrell's little work with much satisfaction. His method of treating his subject appears to us thoroughly scientific. He points out that much of our nerve-trouble may be due to the fact that our constitutions have not become adapted quickly enough to the altered environment brought about by the rapid progress which has occurred during the present century, and he takes the hopeful view that such adaptation will ultimately take place. For the sake of those who come after us, we sincerely trust that he may be right. Another important point upon which the author dwells is that many of the diseases of organs and tissues which we are apt to look upon as local are really dependent upon the condition of the nerve-centres which control the circulation, and if cure is to take place, it must begin with them. In common with all physicians of the present day, he recognizes the enormous influence of heredity in the production of neurotic affections. We think the name "suppressed gout," as applied to the condition of nervous exhaustion which Mr. Tyrrell describes under it, is unfortunate, and that it would be better to reserve the term "gout" to describe those morbid conditions which are *always* associated with, if not caused by, lithiasis. The explanation of the occurrence of hysteria only among civilized nations as having "originated in long-continued suppression of emotion" seems a doubtful one, as the power of control would surely be strengthened, and not weakened, by practice. Further, the assertion that the savage keeps back no emotion does not tally with the accounts we have of the stoicism displayed during torture and death by Kaffirs and members of many Indian tribes. It appears probable that hysteria has arisen in exactly the same manner, and from the same causes, as other nerve-diseases. The chapter on epilepsy is a particularly thoughtful and suggestive one. The plan recommended for treating patients suffering from diseases of this class is, in short, very great attention to general hygiene, and the administration of very small doses of strychnine. He is no believer in bromide of potassium; but herein we cannot agree with him, thinking, as we do, that acute attacks in both hysteria and epilepsy may be warded off by its administration, and thus the permanent injury left by each fit be avoided, and the vicious habit broken. Further, we can have no doubt that many cases of the latter disease have been actually cured by a prolonged course of bromide. We commend Mr. Tyrrell's book to the notice of such of our readers as may be interested in his subject.

The main cause of the prevalence of indigestion in civilized life is, that a large portion of the population is engaged in sedentary pursuits and does not get sufficient physical exercise or fresh air. The agricultural labourer is not prone to it, and when it occurs in him is usually caused by his having to live on poor and indigestible food. In the well-to-do classes too rich and too much food and drink aid the deficient exercise in producing biliary and gastric disorder. Dr. Herschell says, in his preface:—"The object which I have in view in writing this book is to present in a form sufficiently concise and methodical to meet the requirements of students and practitioners of medicine, a *résumé* of the more important points in the diagnosis and treatment of indigestion." In endeavouring to carry out this object he has met with very considerable success. He first gives a concise account of the process of normal digestion, and then proceeds to enumerate the principal causes which interfere with the due performance of this function. The division of such causes, into those affecting the actual mechanism of digestion, and those underlying and predisposing to such morbid conditions, is a convenient one; but it must always be borne in mind that those of the latter class are far more important than those of the former. To attempt to cure a case of acid dyspepsia by the administration of alkalis, without trying to discover and remove the constitutional condition (such as gout or improper diet) leading up to it, would be an unscientific paltering with symptoms. The third chapter is devoted to a description of the signs of dyspepsia, these being only too well known to many of us from personal experience. The proper methods of examining the digestive organs, and such secretions as have a direct bearing upon them, are then indicated. In chapter v. are mentioned the chief clinical varieties of the disease, with special reference to diagnosis. The last chapter gives the outlines of treatment appropriate to the various forms of indigestion, and the special treatment required for some particular conditions which cannot be classified with the ordinary forms of dyspepsia. Dr. Herschell has been careful to acknowledge the source of any facts derived from the writings of other authors.

Under the somewhat pretentious title of "The Red Cross Series of Health Handbooks," Messrs. William Paterson & Co.

have published two little manuals written by Dr. Dewar. The first—which we have not seen—is called *What Ails the Baby?* but we notice that the quotations from reviews upon it are taken exclusively from lay and not medical journals. The second, entitled *Dyspepsia*, we have before us. It should rather have been called "How to Avoid Dyspepsia," as the greater part of it deals with the diet required by people in ordinary health. The two or three chapters upon the treatment of dyspepsia would have been better omitted, as they are apt to delude the unfortunate sufferer from this fell disease into the idea that, with the assistance of this little book, he is competent to undertake the management of his own case. Apart from this objection, the author has, however, given a very fair account of food, and of the means by which it is prepared for use in the system. Considerable knowledge of the subject is displayed, and "fads" are judiciously avoided.

#### GUILD LIFE.\*

THERE is so much activity at present among the folk learned in municipal antiquities that a reader might be excused if he fancied Mr. Lambert's title to refer to it. There is certainly life, if not in guilds, in those who print and publish the records of their existence. There are of course no guilds in England, but the Act of 1557 did not apply to Scotland, and Mr. Colston is ready to remind us that there are guilds in Edinburgh. We have all heard the mysterious title "Dean of Guild," but what it means is explained, in a kind of way, by Mr. Colston, who writes, unfortunately for his English readers, in the Scottish language. It is not always possible to arrive at the interpretation thereof, but one thing is abundantly clear, though Mr. Colston does not mention it. The old Edinburgh guilds not only were religious, but borrowed ecclesiastical names for their officials, names which since the days of John Knox have otherwise lost their meaning north of the Tweed. A number of trades were associated together, and so remain, under the significant appellation of "Mary's Chapel." The head of each guild is "the Deacon." In Mary's Chapel there are two such Deacons, who preside alternately. The meetings used to be held in a hall in Burnet's Close, High Street. It is called the Chapel of St. Mary, and at present is let for Divine service, but Mr. Colston adds that it is not the original chapel. The real St. Mary's was in Niddry's Wynd, and was a beautiful building. It is hardly necessary to say that a beautiful and ancient building in such a city as Edinburgh was bound to be either "restored" away or destroyed outright. In the case of St. Mary's the latter alternative was adopted.

Though we venture to question the purity of Mr. Colston's style, we do not wish to detract from the high opinion every one must form as to the interest and importance of the story he has to tell. Edinburgh was but a small place and poor; but, owing to its position as the chief city of the little kingdom, its history, and even its municipal history, are worth telling. The oldest existing charter was granted by King David I. to the Canons of Holyrood, and empowered them to build a suburb between their church and the town. It implies by some of its provisions that Edinburgh had already a corporate existence; but as to its exact meaning the author cautiously, or cannily, remarks, "it will be apparent that the language of the charter seems not quite clear." William the Lion is said to have made Edinburgh a Royal Burgh. As in other places and in England, the chief officer was the taxgatherer. The corporation was slow in growing and was "the natural result" of surrounding circumstances. The first authority that can now be traced was the Guild. At first apparently the town guild no doubt comprised both merchants and craftsmen. But in the course of time they drifted apart and gradually became hostile. This hostility was accentuated by a statute passed in 1469, "when the system of the Council electing their successors began, and which proved to be for nearly four centuries so great a scandal in regard to our Municipal Institutions." It is easy to make out what Mr. Colston would have us to understand by this odd sentence. The crafts and the merchants were at enmity in exactly the same way as in London at the same time and before it; but the Wars of the Roses then raging in England thrust municipal questions into the background. One very interesting point will strike the London student, though Mr. Colston hardly sees its significance. "It has not been found," he observes, "that the original incorporation of the Crafts or Trades in Scotland can be directly traced either to the Crown or to the authority of Parliament." The power to "erect subordinate corporations" was assumed by the Town Councils. This practice, so far as records remain, began in 1475, when the Wrights, Masons, and Weavers received charters. Precisely the same thing had taken place in London two centuries earlier. Walter Harvey, mayor in 1271 and 1272, had granted charters to the craftsmen, charters afterwards called in question for party purposes, but which must have been perfectly legal. If any doubt existed before, the example of Edinburgh would have resolved it. There is a strong analogy among all histories of the early growth

\* *The Incorporated Trades of Edinburgh; with an introductory chapter on the Rise and Progress of Municipal Government in Scotland.* By James Colston. Edinburgh: Colston & Co.

*Two Thousand Years of Gild Life.* By the Rev. J. Malet Lambert. Hull: Brown & Sons.

*The Influence and Development of English Gilds.* By F. A. Hibbert. Cambridge: University Press.



of municipalities. What happened in English towns happened, though a little later, in Scotch towns. The same events, accompanied with more riot and bloodshed, occurred in France, in the Low Countries, and eventually in Germany. Mr. Colston confines himself strictly to the history of the incorporated crafts, and it is only incidentally that the general history of the whole municipality comes in. His book contains much that is valuable, and will be found very useful in the side light it throws on the general subject. Unfortunately, there is no index, a very bad fault in a book of this character. There are many complications in Edinburgh history; but, fossilized as it were, we have there the three old municipal powers side by side. There is the Lord Provost, with his Bailies; there is the Guild, with its Dean; and there are the Crafts, with their Deacons.

The second book before us has an index; but, as the volume runs to more than four hundred very closely printed pages, something much fuller would have been desirable. Mr. Lambert explains his purpose on his title-page. He wants to write about the municipal history of Hull, and in order to do so he would clear the ground by inserting an essay on the general subject. His book is "an outline of the history and development of the gild system from early times, with special reference to its application to trade and industry, together with a full account of the gilds and trading Companies of Kingston upon Hull, from the 14th to the 18th centuries." All this and more is packed up tight on the title-page. The size of the book might have been judiciously reduced by the omission of the first and second chapters. "Sociological theories as to the origin of gilds" are, and will be for some time, wholly beside the mark. When we know better what ancient gilds really were—whether, as Giraldus would have us believe, they were mere assemblies of drinkers who pledged each other, or were compurgators united against a common enemy, whether ghostly or corporeal—we shall be better able to form "sociological theories." The second chapter is equally beside the mark. What have Greek and Roman gilds to do with us? It is, no doubt, very desirable that we should know more, or even something, about them. But it would be far more important, and Mr. Lambert himself points out its importance, to know more about Scandinavian gilds. He seems to us to have taken a completely wrong turn in trying to connect early gilds with the Roman *collegia*. From that point he goes off the track; and, though he eventually comes back to it, the initial error is irretrievable. Mr. Lambert has gathered more material than he can possibly digest. Had he been content, for example, to take all the derivations of the Saxon word *gildan*, or all the derivations of *scot-ale* which he has assembled on pp. 38 and 39, and to choose the best, putting aside the rest, and laying the result only before the reader, he would have been able to convey a much clearer idea to the mind. In abandoning Mr. Freeman, and cleaving to Mr. Coote, he follows the bent of his inclination rather than of his reason. We have had many occasions, in the past few years, of combating the "Roman origin" theory. Mr. Coote made a stout fight, but was utterly routed. Mr. Price it was, we think, who tried to persuade us that, because ancient Rome was divided into municipalities, the Romans left their municipal system here, and that it survived the Saxon invasion and the Danish desolation. The presumption is all the other way, and Mr. Lambert does not adduce a single fact more than Mr. Coote or Mr. Price adduced before him. He quotes Gildas as to the ruin of the Roman cities in Britain on one page, and stigmatizes his positive assertions as "Keltic hyperbole," yet on the very next page he speaks approvingly of his learning. This is arguing in a circle, and Mr. Lambert gets but awkwardly through the next few pages by trying to drag in evidence from Taliesin and the Triads. But allowing that Taliesin and the Triads speak of peaceful settlements of Saxon invaders here and there, what does that prove about gilds? Absolutely nothing, and there is a clear jump from them to the laws of Ini and Alfred. But this is the interval which must be bridged over before we can believe in the survival of a Roman municipality. There is no question as to London. Spite of the late Mr. Coote, and of Mr. Price, we know that London was empty and desolate when Alfred refounded it. There is something almost ludicrous in the picture called up by these sapient authorities. We see the City desolate, without houses, churches, or inhabitants, and stalking among the ruins the ghost of a Roman Corporation.

The Hull portion of Mr. Lambert's book is worthy of a better introduction. He begins with the guilds of St. John Baptist, Corpus Christi, the Blessed Virgin, and the Holy Trinity. A very interesting chapter is on the Guild of Minstrels. Next he treats of the Hull Trading Companies, the merchants of the Staple, the Merchant Adventurers, and Eastland Merchants; and goes at full length through the fraternities of crafts. Unfortunately at the end of the volume he harks back, evidently dissatisfied with what he has already said about ancient Rome, and adds a chapter on "the gilds and the Christian Church," which is wholly superfluous.

Mr. Hibbert's essay obtained the Thirlwall prize last year. It does not call for any extended notice. It is, in fact, Mr. Gross's book, so far as it relates to Shrewsbury, abridged and written out in intelligible English. Mr. Hibbert professes to confine himself "to associations which had for their object the regulation of trade," and gives only a passing glance at religious and social guilds.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is a long time since we read such a healthy and lively book of French stories as M. Moreau-Vauthier's *La vie d'artiste* (1), which in parts reminds one of the good old days of Murger. The author does not go out of his way to write for the young person, but there is nothing in his book from which any reasonable young person need take any harm. The pleasantest figure in the volume is, perhaps, the model Avette, who appears repeatedly, and than whom, if she is not obtrusively better than she should be, it were a cheerful thing if there were nobody worse. M. Moreau-Vauthier can be pathetic, too, as in the stories of the painter, whose hand is hopelessly crippled, and of the ambitious *praticien* who poisons himself when the frost, which he is too poor to keep out, ruins the clay model of his intended sculpture. But, grave or gay, he is always a long way above the average in narrative power, and still further above the present average in presenting something that may be life in rose or life in sable, but is still life, and not nightmare.

For about two-thirds of *Philippe Destal* (2) it appeared to us that it was going to be a book quite out of the common; and after all it is something to have written a book which for two-thirds of it produces that impression. The hero, who has a curious ancestry, and is himself decidedly "queer," falls in love at first sight, and marries. After a year of earthly paradise, his wife is suddenly carried off by an aneurism, and, a short paroxysm of despair intervening, the loss completely changes his nature. Before his marriage he had been a dreaming solitary, and after it a recluse of love. He now at once, and without even a decent time of mourning, plunges into Parisian "life" in the full slang sense, and leads it for five years. Then another sudden revulsion comes at the sight, under peculiar circumstances, of the portrait of his dead wife. Shortly afterwards he meets a young girl who resembles her, at least to his fancy, and again marries, almost off-hand. Up to this story, with some blemishes, has had distinct "grasp," and the indication of a retribution (his first wife, an angelic creature, has told him that there is a reverse side of her character which he shall never see) is romantic and interesting. To us, at least, M. Guiches does not seem to have worked out the problem quite satisfactorily; others may think differently. But his book has a good deal both of originality and of power.

It will be a pity if Mme. Caro allows the mania of the day for unhappy endings to take too strong a hold on her. She certainly seems to us to have succumbed to it in *Fruits amers* (3), a story (as at least one novel a week now seems to be in Paris) of divorce. By the way, the French should really keep a Queen's Proctor; for, at least according to their novelists, half their decrees *nisi*—still to keep our own lingo—ought to fail of being made absolute, owing to collusion or the suppression of material evidence. Everybody in *Fruits amers* is miserable, and nobody is specially interesting, though the heroine is worthy of a better fate.

*Marius Véha* (4) is even a gloomier book than *Fruits amers*, and it is not nearly so well written; but it has a more originally conceived plot, and a more legitimately worked out catastrophe. Modern taste may question the sudden revulsion of character by which Elmire Véha—a frivolous, selfish, and unloving wife and mother—suddenly becomes a suffering saint. But the ancients admitted these changes, and the ancients knew a thing or two. The conception of the hero—a gaol-bird of a gaol-bird family, who, meeting the family doom, almost undeservedly becomes a criminal by meditating over it—seems at first likely to be a mere boring example of the Lombrosian craze. But it is not, and the picture of his life as a shepherd in the solitudes of the Lozère is excellent.

We cannot congratulate Mme. Henry Gréville on "Aurette Married" (5) as we could on *Aurette*, for the continuation does not seem to us worthy either of the author or of the original. It is, indeed, a pleasant, harmless, and lively sketch of French provincial life; but neither the incidents nor the characters have any special interest. If this cannot quite be said of *Valforest* (6), we do not know that the difference is favourable to Mme. de Massa. Her hero has interest; but it is the interest of all members of nearly extinct families. M. d'Albeyran *filis* is a representative of the young-prig hero. He begins by observing to a friend, "Rien ne me semble plus difficile que le rôle d'une jeune fille qui a passé vingt ans," and he ends by informing him that "le nuge qui pesait sur mon existence s'est dissipé tout à coup," and that "le père d'Irène m'ouvre ses bras." *Passe pour Irène*; but *que diable* did M. d'Albeyran want to do in the arms of her respectable papa?

M. Miral's book (7) is one of those which end with more interest than that with which they begin—a consolation, if the reader reaches the end, but not exactly an inducement for him to do so. It is in other respects an odd book, and reads as if the author had not yet "found his way."

*Le cas de Georges d'Arrell* (8) is a book showing very con-

(1) *La vie d'artiste*. Par Ch. Moreau-Vauthier. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Philippe Destal*. Par Gustave Guiches. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

(3) *Fruits amers*. Par Mme. E. Caro. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Marius Véha*. Par Jean d'Oc. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Le mari d'Aurette*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Valforest*. Par la Comtesse de Massa. Paris: Plon.

(7) *Le chemin d'une passion*. Par E. Miral. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(8) *Le cas de Georges d'Arrell*. Par Dick May. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

siderable cleverness. But it is vitiated by the hero going utterly wrong at both ends of the book. It was decided in one of the first leading cases on record (*Erinnyes v. Orestes*) that a man is not only entitled, but bound, to revenge his father on his mother and her lover, if they are responsible for the said father's death. M. Georges d'Arrell does not do this, but condones the offence. Secondly, it is a miserable and ridiculous reason for not marrying a girl whom you love and who loves you that—being herself entirely innocent—she is half-sister to the male criminal in the former case. Neither civil, nor ecclesiastical, nor moral law forbids the banns. But, as M. Georges d'Arrell did what he ought not in the first case, so he does not do what he ought in this. So he has both Athena and Aphrodite against him, and who shall help him who is in that case?

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE sixth volume of Dr. Garnett's edition of Peacock's novels, *The Misfortunes of Elphin* (Dent & Co.), is introduced by some appropriate observations on the skilful union in the story of the bardic traditions of Taliesin and Elphin and certain passages in the legendary history of Arthur that are independent of the author's original object. As Miss Edith Nicolls remarks, in the Memoirs of her grandfather, Peacock's delightful Welsh romance was written to introduce translations of ancient Welsh poems and triads. Undoubtedly the romance is greatly enriched by the scenes in which Melvas and Arthur figure, while the particular end in view is further realized in the part played by Taliesin at the bardic Congress at Caerleon-on-Usk, presided over by Arthur. The greatest gain, however, is the re-appearance of the immortal Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi, after his supposed drowning, among the revellers in the banqueting-hall of Melvas, at Dinas Vawr. The oppression of Gwenhidwy had been oppressive indeed, and Peacock a worse plotter of a story than some have thought him, if Seithenyn had not been spared for fresh adventures. The meeting between him and Taliesin, after the singing of the inimitable "War Song of Dinas Vawr" by the victorious followers of Melvas, is a conception of the first kind among dramatic scenes. As to Peacock's treatment of the mystical birth of Taliesin, as set forth in the *Mabinogion*, we are entirely in agreement with Dr. Garnett's commendation of it. Any supernatural explanation would have been tedious, if not superfluous. The story, as given by the editor from Lady Charlotte Guest's version, will satisfy the reader, who is also offered the opportunity of comparing literal versions of the original Welsh poems with Peacock's spirited lyrical translations.

*Dare Macdonald*, by E. R. Macnicol (Alexander Gardner), is a romance of the Riviera, the scene of which is laid chiefly at Nice and Mentone, where the course of true love, as it concerns Nora Ramsey and Dr. Gordon, must have been a sunny course but for the shadow cast upon it by Monte Carlo. For Dr. Gordon is reputed to be a gambler, and the young lady and her family are horrified at the bare suggestion of gambling. The distraction of the unhappy Nora is feelingly painted, and some bright sketches of American young people enliven the narrative of her troubles. But the hero, it may appear to some, is Dare Macdonald, the spoiled child of the circle, a small boy of the little Lord Fauntleroy order, whose sayings and doings are honoured with a full record. He is, if not childlike, wonderful of speech. Once when he is ill he is taken to the window, and, seeing the fire-flies darting about, remarks, "Perhaps some of the angels are ill, and these are the night-lights."

*The Daffodils*, by Lillias Wassermann (Chatto & Windus), deals, in some sort, with the *vie de Bohème* and the fortunes of two girls, art students and cousins, both of whom are infatuated with the charms of one Julian Denver, a practised flirt. It is a tragic story, decidedly unpleasant in tone, and the tragedy, though not without genuine power, is of a morbid cast, and the passion of it hectic and exaggerated.

Most consumers of bread are profoundly indifferent as to the kinds of bread and their respective values as food. Bread is bread, they think, and there's an end of it. Larger views are suggested by Mr. John Goodfellow's interesting volume, *The Dietetic Value of Bread* (Macmillan & Co.), which treats of the chemical constituents and food values of white bread, "whole meal," and various patent or "special" breads. The number of these special breads is extraordinary, and they all appear to be worthy of the bread-eater's attention, or they would not, we presume, be here described and discussed.

A goodly record of progress and work is revealed in the statistical and general information presented in *The Official Year-Book of the Church of England* (S.P.C.K.). Every section of the book tells of vitality and enterprise. In educational work, in home and foreign missions, in extension of Church labours and influence, there is abundant material for gratification, not to mention some admirable lessons for the Liberationist who imagines a vain thing. In 1890 the voluntary contributions to the Church amounted to something like three and a half millions, and Church Extension absorbed one and a half million. Not until next year, perhaps, shall we have an official summary of the effects of "Free Education." But the educational reports of the present Year-Book, to say nothing of the signs of the hour, are nothing but encouraging.

*The Year-Book of Science* (Cassell & Co.) is edited by Profes-

T. G. Bonney, and comprises a good and compact review of last year's scientific movements summed up by various hands eminent in Physical Science, Chemistry, Geology, and Biology.

*The Statesman's Year-Book*, edited by J. Scott Keltie (Macmillan & Co.), is now so firmly established as an authoritative and accurate volume of reference that it were superfluous to consider afresh its many excellent features. In arrangement and matter this admirable handbook remains substantially what it has been for years past—the most satisfactory guide of the kind.

Among other annual volumes we may note *The Clergy Directory and Parish Guide* for 1892 (Phillips); *The Australian Handbook* for 1892 (Gordon & Gotch); *The Newspaper Press Directory*, 1892 (Mitchell & Co.); and the handy *India Office List* for 1892 (Harrison), with its useful summary of services of all members of the India Office, the Civil Service of India, &c., arranged in alphabetical order.

*Elements of Economics of Industry*, by Alfred Marshall (Macmillan & Co.), is an abridgment for the use of young students of the first volume of Professor Marshall's *Principles of Economics*, dealing with Production and Supply, Value or Distribution, and the other leading subjects of that treatise in the form of a lucid, and in all ways practical, abstract.

The new volume of the *Antiquary* (Elliot Stock) contains various contributions of interest, in addition to the monthly reports of local archaeological societies, and other features of this readable periodical. An excellent idea of the riches collected in country towns is suggested by the papers on "Archæology in Provincial Museums." Mr. James Hilton's papers on "Chronograms," Mr. John Wright's Jacobite letters, "Out in the '45," and the Rev. J. Cave-Browne's descriptive historical sketch of Boxley Abbey, may be cited as examples of the diversity of interest presented by the *Antiquary*. The last-named writer, by the way, writes somewhat loosely of the North Downs as a chalk range between Maidstone and Rochester, as if it were local to that country, and not extended westward beyond Croydon into Surrey.

We have also received a charming "Riverside Press" edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in two volumes, illustrated by E. W. Kemble (Sampson Low & Co.); *The Cry of the Curlew*, by Guy Eden, second edition (Eden, Remington, & Co.); a new edition of *Le Morte Darthur*, revised by Sir E. Strachey (Macmillan), a reprint of the Globe edition, after Caxton's text; *Number Lessons*, by Charles E. White (Boston: Heath & Co.), with exercises in "sight work" or mental arithmetic; *Food for the Fat*, by Dr. Yorke-Davies, fourth edition (Chatto & Windus); *The Ballad-Book*, by William Allingham, "G. T." series, new edition (Macmillan); *Rounders, Bowls, Quoits, Skittles, and Curling*, by J. W. Walker, "All England" series of athletic handbooks (Bell & Sons); *The Little Minister*, by J. M. Barrie, new edition in one volume (Cassell & Co.); and *The Knowledge of God*, a volume of sermons by the Bishop of Wakefield (Sampson Low & Co.).

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